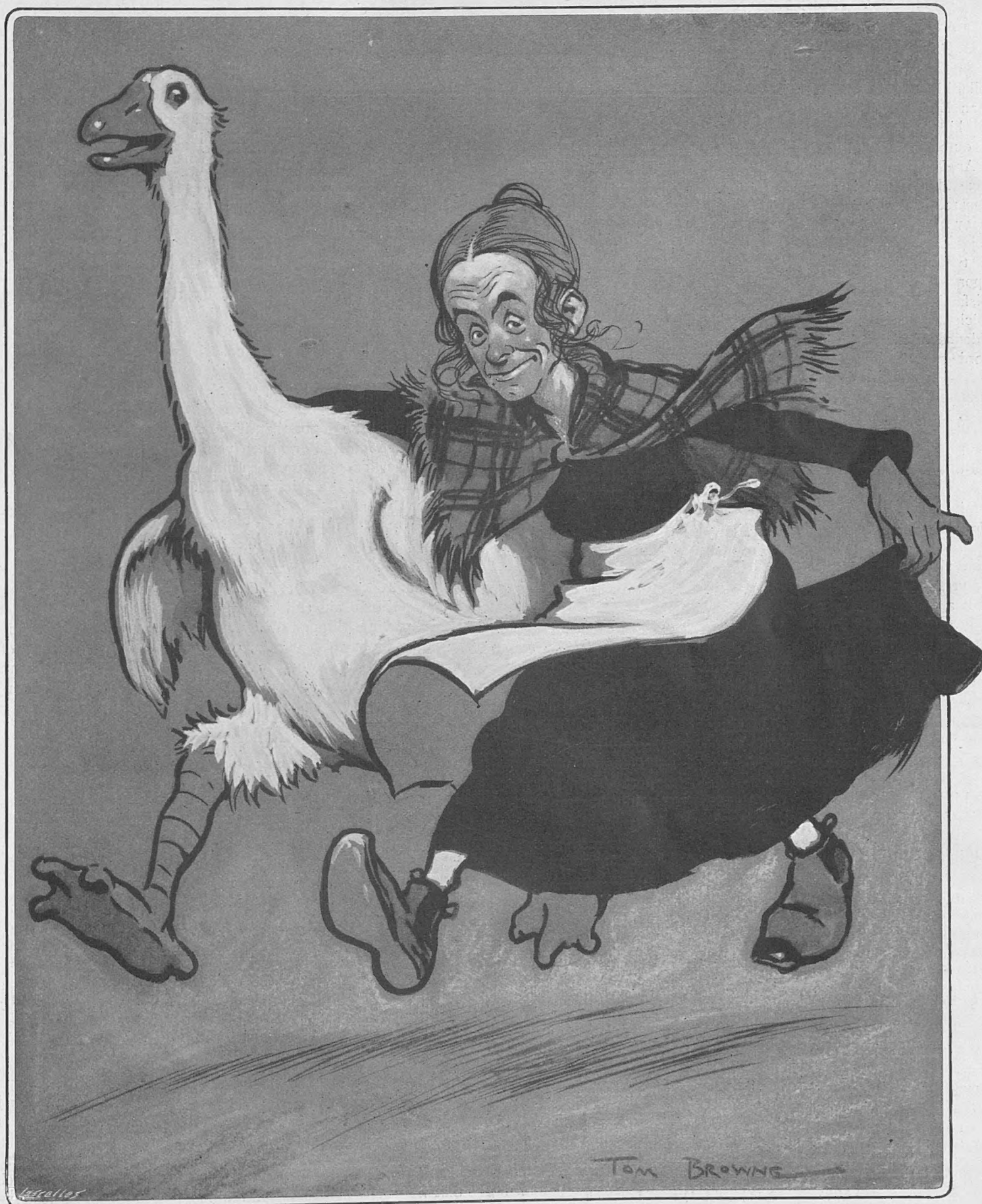




No. 521.—VOL. XLI.

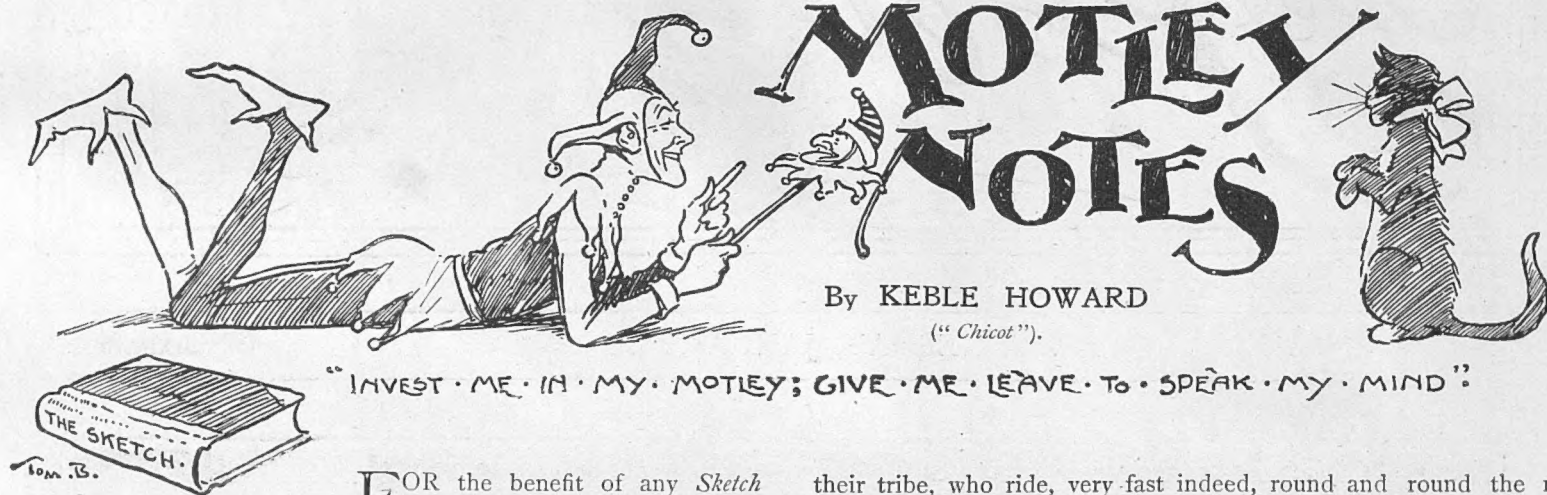
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



AT DRURY LANE: MOTHER GOOSE (DAN LENO) EXERCISES HER PET BIRD.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



FOR the benefit of any *Sketch* reader who did not see the *Daily Telegraph* on Thursday last, I may mention that Mr. E. S. Willard has offered to devote his time and services to the establishment of an English "Comédie Française," if some millionaire or other will kindly find the money. Whether this brilliant actor's offer is the outcome of the little hint that I ventured to give to the Marquis of Anglesey in "Motley Notes," I am not in a position to state. Since Mr. Willard is at present in America, and his announcement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on the day following the publication of my suggestion in *The Sketch*, I am forced to the conclusion that two great minds, as on previous occasions, have jumped together. All that now remains is for the Noble Marquis to jump at the opportunity, and this much-debated question will be settled to the satisfaction of almost everybody. As to whether his Lordship is sufficiently interested in things theatrical to take so bold a step, ample evidence of his enthusiasm for and taste in matters of this kind is afforded on the opposite page. And, as I pointed out last week, the cost of running a repertory theatre would be quite insignificant compared with the lavish expenditure required for the mounting of "Red Riding Hood" at the Gaiety Theatre, Anglesey Castle.

I often wonder, when I look through my bright little *Daily Mail*, what on earth the Editor would do without Mr. Plowden. Be the morning never so foggy or wet or cold, I can always have a laugh or two with this extraordinarily cheerful gentleman. When Mr. Plowden dies, some doctor should make a reverent examination of his organs, with a view to discovering why it was that he never got out of order. And yet, one would think, there can be nothing so very exhilarating about a London Police Court. Up to the present, I have not had the honour of appearing before a magistrate; when my turn comes, however, I shall endeavour to be arrested in Mr. Plowden's district. I feel sure that we should have a merry time together. Mark Tapley in cold print is rather unconvincing, but a Mark Tapley in the flesh, tempering justice with jollity, would be quite a delightful study. Besides, Mr. Plowden is ever so much jollier than Mark Tapley, and under much more distressing circumstances. They do say, of course, that some of the little magisterial quips are doctored up by an ingenious reporter; if such be the case, that reporter should at once turn his hand to the making of plays. He certainly has the gift of writing dialogue.

"Buffalo Bill" and his merry men are drawing crowds of people to Olympia. The great attractions, I understand, are the horses and the skilful riding, but I should like to call the attention of my readers to a miniature drama which forms one item of the evening's entertainment. The scene is the exterior of a settler's hut in the backwoods of Canada or somewhere. When the play opens, the housewife is fussing about in the usual way, and the daughter is flirting with her lover (her own lover, not the mother's). Enter the father, bearing on his shoulder a rabbit. He is assisted off his horse by a boy with a ladder, but while he is displaying, with pardonable pride, the fine bag he has made, the old man of the party hurries in with a dead stag. A tiff between the father and the grandfather ensues, and they are still wrangling when the audience, to its horror, perceives that several Indians and people like that are creeping along behind some scenery with the intention of shooting the whole family. One of the Indians, for some reason which the dramatist has failed to make quite clear, climbs on to the roof of the hut and is promptly shot by the grandfather. Nothing daunted, however, the rest of the villains continue to brandish themselves about until they are joined by a great many more of

their tribe, who ride, very fast indeed, round and round the ring, and appear to be thoroughly enjoying the exercise.

How long this thrilling state of things might last I am unable to say, for just at the moment when it seems that the Indians on horse-back must get giddy and fall off, a lot of cowboys enter and shoot at them with loaded guns. The Indians, annoyed at the interruption to their harmless amusement, ride away, and the curtain, so to speak, falls. Even Mr. Archer, I imagine, would not attempt to apply any hard-and-fast rules of dramaturgy to so simple and sweet a theme; at the same time, I must take it upon myself to point out to the author of this play that a human rider who has been repeatedly shot dead is apt to betray some signs of mortality. Moreover, it was not made clear to the audience whether the daughter of the house was eventually married to the young man with whom she was seen to be keeping company when the play opened. The drama, in short, although excellent in motive, lacks cohesiveness. The characters are not drawn with the sureness of touch that we look for at the hands of a dramatist whose work is so splendidly mounted and so earnestly played. Time, however, may serve to remove these few blemishes, and I have little doubt that, if I am fortunate enough to witness the piece some fourteen or fifteen years hence, I shall find that my hints have been adopted, to the immense benefit of the play and the gratification of the thinking public.

It is the ambition of Mr. Marconi, I understand, to keep us hourly informed of any coming change in the weather. The scheme is sufficiently enterprising, and reflects the greatest credit on the young inventor's courage and ambition. At the same time, I am not at all sure that we should aid and abet Mr. Marconi in his latest undertaking. After passing through many years of unexpected changes in the weather, we have become so accustomed to the present state of things that it is doubtful whether we shall be any happier with an hour's warning. After all, when you have started out for a picnic in a light summer frock and have left your mackintosh at home, it is not going to make the day much pleasanter if you happen to hear that there will be a terrific thunder-storm about tea-time. However, the Meteorological Office will have a chance of scoring off the people who have been deriding it for years, and that is a stroke of justice that should appeal to everyone with the least sporting instinct.

The best Christmas entertainment for children of all ages is the revival of "The Merry Wives" at His Majesty's. Here and there, I admit, the humour is apt to be a little coarse, but the whole farce is played with such gaiety and briskness that one has no time to be angry with the fat Knight for the looseness of his morals. Besides, he is so thoroughly punished for his naughtiness that the children clap their hands with delight and the elder folk feel just a little ashamed of sympathising with him. The life and soul of Mr. Tree's production is Miss Ellen Terry. One can hardly imagine a jollier, sweeter, more womanly housewife than her Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Tree, in the place of Mrs. Kendal, helps considerably to keep the fun going; Mr. Tree is wonderfully consistent as Falstaff; Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Gerald Lawrence play their love-scenes very prettily; Mr. Oscar Asche gives a powerful performance of the jealous Ford; and Mr. Courtice Pounds is quite in the picture as the whimsical Welsh parson. The happiest touch is still the conclusion, with the dancing procession of the whole Company in front of the curtain. Mr. Tree's Shaksperian productions are always so delightful that he should exercise all the more care in the selection of his modern plays.



"RED RIDING HOOD" AT ANGLESEY CASTLE.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY AND SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS SKETCHED FROM THE FRONT BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

A Sultan, his Bicycle and Maxim Guns—Mr. Maxim on Chances at Monte Carlo—Inspirations—Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour.

THE Sultan of Morocco must ponder on the advantages and disadvantages of European civilisation as he sits in his Palace at Fez, surrounded by his bodyguard and a park of Maxim guns, waiting for the Pretender to advance and open the siege. The Pretender at present thinks that he will retain the reputation of possessing the power to change bullets into water—a power invariably claimed by all Pretenders in all parts of Africa—by keeping at a distance from the very thick walls of the Palace. The bodyguard of the Sultan is of a very different quality to the tagrag and bobtail which comprise the tribal levies of Morocco, for its men have been trained by Sir Harry Aubrey de Maclean, the fine, white-bearded old soldier who attracted so much attention when he was over here with the Envoys from Morocco, and who, many years ago, left the 69th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, to take service in North Africa.

The motor-car, the phonograph, the Kodak, and the bicycle are the crimes alleged against the Sultan by the rebels, and, no doubt, a horseless carriage seems as much an invention of the Evil One to the untutored Moor as the first railway-engines did to the Heathen Chinese. There is, I believe, an ordinance of the Prophet against the making of pictures, and a True Believer all the world over is very shy of the snap of a camera-catch; but it is difficult to understand why the bicycle should be objected to, except that a Sultan perspiring on a bicycle on a dusty road is not such an imposing and awe-inspiring person as he is when mounted on a fat grey Arab horse with the Umbrella of State held over him. The Maxim guns may, however, set right the trouble the bicycle has caused.

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim, whose inventions play such a notable part wherever there is fighting in the world, has looked at an adversary at Monte Carlo and has given the world the benefit of his observations. The Bank at the Casino at Monte Carlo is an adversary which Mr. Maxim declares to be invincible, and the inventor and mathematician thus confirms the opinion of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand who go there to amuse themselves. The limit to the sum to be staked on any particular chance and the odds in the Bank's favour represented by the "O" at roulette beat any system, even if the men playing the system have the nerve and the health to carry it through. I have seen at one time or another many men playing so-called invincible systems—I watched Lord Rosslyn and his assistants last year—and it requires a man of iron nerves to stand the heat and the crush and the bad air. He must also be a swift calculator, for there is always a little sum to be done after every stake, and the croupiers will not, if they can help it, wait for such a sum to be completed. I once asked a man who knows his Monte Carlo very intimately, and has gone into the matter of the odds in favour of the Bank far more thoroughly than Mr. Maxim has done, what chance of making money a steady player had, and he told me he believed that a man of nerve, steady enough never to be led away by any run of luck, playing a simple system and having plenty of capital at his command, might, by a strict attention to business, make five louis a day. He cordially agreed with

me that the man having all the qualities necessary to make this sum would be able to earn a great deal more anywhere else in better air and with less discomfort.

If proof were necessary of the great advantage the Bank has over the player at roulette, it would be forthcoming in the action of one of the smaller Belgian casinos, which to attract players in the months before it closed relinquished the zero altogether and relied only on the advantage it had in limiting the stake, the Bank playing in every other respect exactly on an equality with the players.

Ninety-nine men out of the hundred who go yearly to Monte Carlo are quite sure that their little "flutter" means the loss of the money they take there to play with, and they consider the excitement of the "gamble" worth the money. Monte Carlo is a place which lives on excitement. One pays a very long bill indeed for a lunch at Ciro's or a dinner at the Hôtel de Paris, and one does so not only because the food and wine are good, for there is excellent food and wine to be obtained elsewhere in the town at a much cheaper rate, but because both places are "in the movement," because one gets there the thrill of excitement which is the essence of Monte Carlo life. It is to feel this thrill, more than with the idea of any probability of making a considerable sum of money, that most Englishmen and many English ladies who go into the gaming-rooms have always some five-franc pieces ready to put on a number when an inspiration comes to them, and the inspiration generally comes when they are beginning to be weary of looking on and not having their share in the fun. It is the man who laughs when he tells you that he always takes a "pony" to Monte Carlo and plays by inspiration and not by any rule who is quite sure to lose his money, and there are thousands such men who yearly go South.

Inspiration comes to the man who is looking for it in curious ways. The number of his bedroom, his age, or the day of the month is quite a sufficient hint to a man who wants some guidance to select a number. I do not pretend to have inspirations and I have never lost a five-pound note at a gaming-table, but, whenever I go into a room where roulette or

petits chevaux are being played, I always put a five-franc piece for the first coup on the number of the regiment I once served in. Last year, at three watering-places—Boulogne, Ostend, and Aix-le-Bains—the number came up, but there my inspiration stopped and I did not win a fortune.

Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, who has just succeeded Lord Charles Scott as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, has seen a great deal of active service. He served as a midshipman in the Russian War in the Black Sea, and took part in the bombardment of Odessa and of Sebastopol, and in many other fights. Then he went on to China, and fought in the battles which took place in 1857, 1858, 1860, and 1862. In 1870 he was severely wounded on the West Coast of Africa, and in 1882 commanded the *Iris* during the Egyptian War. He possesses many medals, both English and Foreign, and also the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society. With the exception of the veteran Sir Harry Keppel, he is the only sailor who possesses the "Order of Merit," which was given him after his gallant attempt to relieve Peking at the head of the international force in the recent war.



ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD HOBART SEYMOUR, JUST APPOINTED TO SUCCEED LORD CHARLES SCOTT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT DEVONPORT.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

GOLD IN THE LAND OF THE NILE.

IN a museum at Turin is preserved an ancient papyrus discovered some years ago in the course of excavations among the ruins of Thebes, that mighty city of a Hundred Gates that for many centuries was the citadel of Egypt and the centre of the civilisation of the East. The interesting point about this Turin papyrus is that not only does it confirm the writings of Herodotus and other historians as to the existence of an enormous gold industry in Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs, but it describes in detail the methods of treating the precious metal and contains a map of the mines of Akita, worked by the Kings of the Ramessid era. These mines were situate in the Wady Allaki, a desert roadway starting from the Nile some eighty miles south of Assouan—where the completion of the Great Dam was celebrated with such festivity the other day—and running in a south-easterly direction far into the desert. Not only does the plan mark the position of the mines themselves, but also that of the miners' houses, the wells from which they drew their water, and the roads that led to the shafts. The papyrus describes how Sethos I. and his son, Rameses II., worked the mines before the Israelitish captivity. The same mines were being worked many centuries later under the Ptolemys, and graphic descriptions are to be found in the works of the historian Diodorus as to the methods by which the gold was won. There is a long blank in the records until we reach the Mussulman epoch in Egyptian history, when we learn from Macrizi, the Arabic historian, that the Arabian chief Omari was forced by the Bedouins to abandon the working of the mines about a thousand years ago.

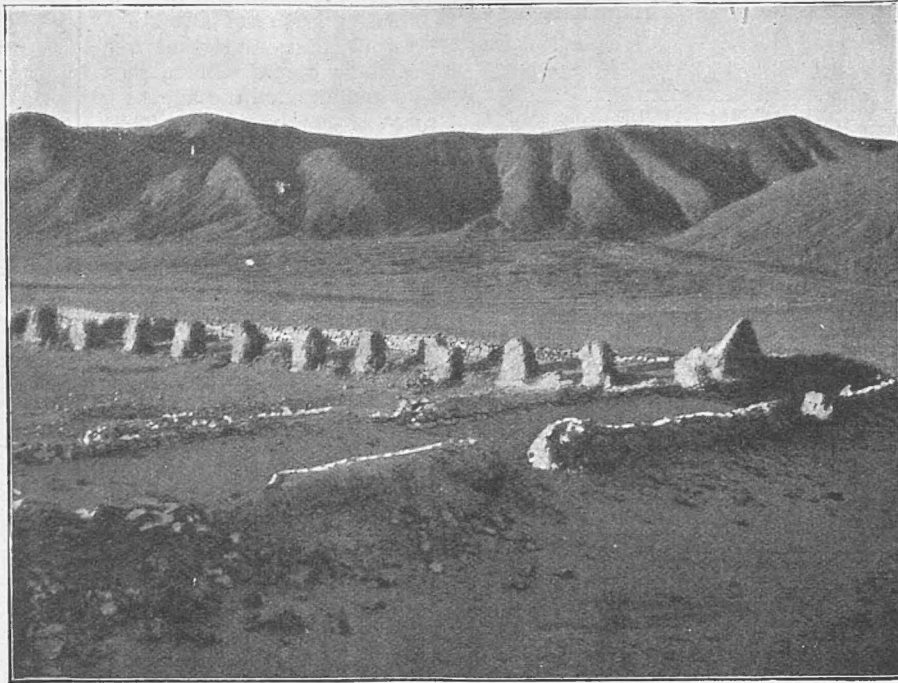
It was not until within the last five or six years that gold-mining in Egypt attracted modern attention, but, as the country became settled under British occupation and the capitalist and speculator cast about for fresh fields of enterprise, the extensive old workings in evidence throughout the eastern desert led to the organisation of exploratory expeditions having in view a revival of the almost-forgotten industry of the past. Several concessions over large tracts of country have been granted by the Egyptian Government, among them one over a tract of some three thousand square miles about the twenty-second parallel of latitude, which is traversed by the famous Wady Allaki. This area, which is bounded on the west by the Nile, was secured in 1901 by the Nile Valley Company, which has its headquarters in London. Leaving the Nile boat at the Allaki landing-stage, the first exploring party had proceeded some sixty miles along the Wady, when they came upon signs of enormous ancient workings at a place known as Um Garaiart. Over a space of about eight

hundred feet long by sixty feet broad the rock had been cut away by the ancients in such a manner as to indicate the removal of some two hundred thousand tons. This discovery is regarded as the most important yet made in the direction of locating the ancient gold-mines of Egypt. Along the Wady Allaki are the ruins of many old villages, and of watch-towers, whence the mines were guarded in former days, while all around are scattered the ancient quartz-mills and rubbing-stones by which the ore was pulverised by the primitive miners. These are not the only indications that mining was abandoned on a sudden decision, as though the miners had been overpowered by a Bedouin attack, leaving the scene of their labours never to return.

It was amid the old workings at Um Garaiart that Mr. Wells, the engineer in control of the first expedition despatched by the Nile Valley Company, fixed upon the spot for the commencement of his operations. His party was not prepared for more than prospecting work, but he sank a shaft to a depth of about a hundred and ten feet, where he quickly came upon a reef of surprising wealth, the quartz

being literally held together with gold. In two days he obtained about £1180 worth of specimen ore, sealed down the workings, and returned to England to prepare for the equipment of a larger expedition. This went out in September last, and mining has now been in operation for some three months, facilitated by the discovery of a constant supply of water, struck at a depth of a hundred and twenty feet. The Chairman and the Managing Director of the Nile Valley Company have just returned from Egypt, the latter having made the camel journey to Um Garaiart, where, by the aid of a pestle and mortar, he crushed gold to the value of over £1000, which he has brought back with him to London. At the present time a hundred and fifty Abadeh Arabs are on the property, working excellently in three eight-hour shifts, and raising thirty loads of rock per hour. At Christmas Day there were at the surface some eighty tons of ore of remarkable richness, which when crushed

and treated should, according to Mr. Wells's anticipation, yield the Company upwards of £4000. When in Cairo the officials named secured under the terms of the original concession the grant of a mining area of twenty-five square miles, together with a full mining lease for thirty years of the twenty-five acres within which the rich discoveries at Um Garaiart have been made. The latest reports from the mine continue to be more and more encouraging, and appear to justify the views expressed by the Chairman in a recent speech in which he spoke of the Um Garaiart property of the Nile Valley Company as a mining enterprise having less than the usual chances of failure and a good deal more than the usual chances of a very great success.



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT MINING-TOWN IN THE EASTERN DESERT.



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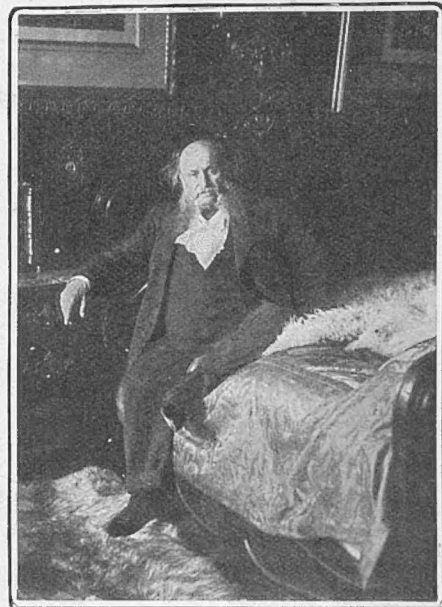
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THE LATE M. DE BLOWITZ.

THE death of M. de Blowitz removes perhaps the most famous
 figure in the ranks of Foreign Correspondents past and present.
 As the representative of the *Times* in Paris for more than thirty
 years, his influence had been felt on many occasions in high political
 quarters, and though, like all prominent men, he had his enemies,
 they were few in comparison with the hosts of friends he had made.
 M. de Blowitz retired from active work only a few weeks ago, when his
 colleagues of the foreign Press signalled the occasion by the presentation of
 a work of art as a testimony of their regard. Though he had attained the age of
 seventy-seven and for some time had had some trouble with his eyesight, he still
 appeared hale and hearty, and his sudden and almost tragic death last Sunday
 evening from peritonitis came as a shock to the world in which he had
 been such a prominent figure. His great talents were invariably exerted in
 the cause of peace and justice, and his influence had always been for good.
 A notable instance was the alarm he sounded which led to the intervention of Queen Victoria and the then Czar with the
 German Emperor, and, later, he was unremitting in his championship of
 the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus.



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF M. DE BLOWITZ.
 Exclusive to "The Sketch."

THE LATE MR. QUINTIN HOGG.

THERE was sincere mourning at the Polytechnic in Regent Street
 on Saturday morning, when it was found that the benevolent
 founder and President of that institution had succumbed to
 heart failure while taking his morning bath. When late at the
 Polytechnic, Mr. Hogg usually stayed the night in his rooms there,
 and this he did last Friday, after conducting the weekly religious
 service and going the rounds of all the departments. On Saturday
 morning he was missed and his bath-room door was found locked.
 The door was at once forced and Mr. Hogg was discovered dead in
 the water. A man of great cheeriness, lithe and active, he did not
 attach sufficient importance to his sufferings from sleeplessness and
 was indefatigable in his good works. Mr. Hogg was the youngest son
 of the late Sir James Weir Hogg, once Chairman of the East India
 Company, and brother of the first Lord Magheramorne. For many
 years he had given his best energies in forwarding the interests of the
 thousands of boy and girl members of the Polytechnic.

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GOSBOR

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THIS week will remain in the memory of those who make a note of such things as having witnessed the first Royal christening of the century. Prince Edward of Wales was christened at White Lodge in the presence of a unique Royal gathering, which included, in addition to the late Sovereign, the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, who were at the time engaged to be married. The Chapel Royal, St. James's, has seen many functions of

the kind, one of the most interesting of late years having been that of the Lady Alexandra Duff, the eldest child of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who at the time of her birth stood so close to the British Throne. Water from the Jordan is always used to christen Royal infants, and in the case of the descendants of King Edward the beautiful christening-robe which was worn by himself forms the baptismal garment whether the baby is a boy or girl.

"Simply Anonymous."

The touching little story concerning King Edward's kindly gift to a hard-working member of the Salvation Army who happened to meet the future Sovereign when the latter—of course, strictly in mufti—was taking a walk in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace, and who, when asking for a name to attach to the donation, was given the answer, "Oh, put simply 'Anonymous,'" recalls other traits of the same kind. His Majesty has always been somewhat of an Haroun al Raschid. While still Prince of Wales, he visited, during the period that he was sitting on the Housing of the Poor Commission, many of the worst quarters in London, and when so engaged he was always ready to enter into conversation with any intelligent-looking man or woman who was likely to give him the information he was in quest of. I fancy that few people are aware that among Queen Alexandra's special treasures is a plain silver inkstand bearing the inscription, "To the Prince of Wales. From one who saw him take a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action." However, it would be quite a mistake to suppose that His Majesty is one of those kind though misguided persons who give their money without inquiring into the genuineness of the appeal. On the contrary, the Sovereign has always been a strong supporter of the "C. O. S.," and those about him have strict orders to take every possible precaution in order to prevent a Royal subscription being given to a fraudulent or unworthy charity.

Royalty and the Riviera.

There is a flutter of excitement along the Riviera, where the rumour of a visit from King Edward has been revived. At first it was stated that the King and Queen would come out together on the Royal yacht; then that story was denied, and it was stated that the King would come out alone, and, after visiting the Riviera, proceed to Naples to visit the King of Italy. The Riviera season is a very good one at present; it would become quite brilliant with the assistance of a Royal visit, for, so soon as the report is confirmed, every private-yacht owner who is cruising in the Mediterranean or within reach of it will start off for the Riviera. It is probable that, if the King does take a cruise in the Mediterranean, he will visit Paris first, and board the *Victoria and Albert* at Cannes, where there is a brilliant gathering of British visitors this season, including Sir Frederick Treves. The Grand Duke Michael

and Countess Torby are leading the social life at Cannes this year and entertaining largely at the Villa Kasbek. The Duke has taken a great part in the establishment of the new Union Club, which was opened a fortnight ago and is to make a special feature of Saturday night entertainments.

Some "Smart" Skaters.

The so-called seasonable weather is enchanting to one rather important section of "smart Society," namely, that which is devoted to skating. Of course, nowadays, the artificial-ice rinks make skating a pleasure which can be enjoyed literally at all times of the year; but, still, there is nothing to equal a good stretch of natural ice, and all through last week the thermometer was being anxiously watched. Queen Alexandra heads the list of fair skaters. Her Majesty, as a girl, was passionately fond of this form of exercise, and even of late years she has on occasions entertained a small skating-party on the fine lake in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Enthusiastic devotees sometimes go as far as Holland in search of their favourite amusement.



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT WITH THE LADIES BLANCHE AND DIANA SOMERSET.

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

The New Russian Ambassador.

Count Benckendorff, the new Russian Ambassador, whose coming has been awaited with such interest and curiosity in the Diplomatic circle, belongs to a family already closely connected with the great political world of this country. In fact, he is a great-nephew of the famous Princess Lieven, most remarkable of lady diplomatists, who managed to be on the friendliest terms with all the leading British statesmen of her day, and whose correspondence with Lord Grey—published, of course, after the death of both the writers—created an extraordinary sensation at the time it appeared. Count Benckendorff, like all Russians of birth and breeding, is a brilliant English scholar and speaks the language with ease and grace. He is well known to our Royal Family, as he was for a time in Denmark, where he was much liked, especially by Queen Alexandra's venerable and astute father.

Sir William Blake Richmond, R.A.

A painter of much versatility and power is Sir William Blake Richmond, the great quantity and variety of whose achievements were only partly to be realised from the remarkable exhibition of his work that was held two or three years ago at the New Gallery. In fact, it is not only in oil-painting that he has distinguished himself; his efforts have extended to sculpture, architecture, and fresco, and there is an enduring memorial of his decorative skill in the mosaics with which he has adorned St. Paul's Cathedral. It says much for his thoroughness that he trained his own staff of assistants for this work. He was determined that it should be accomplished by Englishmen with English material, and mosaic-work was not so well understood in this country that he could find his band of helpers ready-made. He has been Slade Professor at Oxford, and as Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy has delivered several valuable and scholarly lectures. After spending much time amid the colour and sunshine of Italy, Greece, and Egypt, it is not surprising that he has an intense aversion for the fog and smoke of London, and dwellers in the Metropolis owe him more than they are aware of for the energy and success with which he has attacked the smoke nuisance.

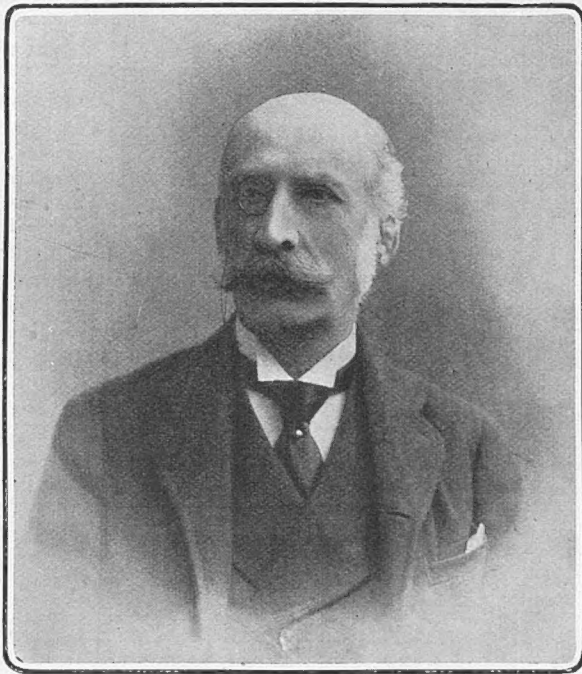
Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A.

Much sympathy has been evoked by the misfortunes that have befallen Mr. Frederick Goodall, who, after a distinguished career that began with the late Queen's reign—for he is now in his eighty-first year—has been stricken by illness and, while still confined to his bed, had his household effects and his fine collection of art-work sold by order of the Bankruptcy Court. Happily, such a disaster has seldom occurred to a great artist, but there was a parallel in the case of Rembrandt, whose ill-balanced life was, however, responsible for his misfortunes. Those of Mr. Goodall have resulted entirely from a change in public taste. Through nearly the whole of the Victorian era his scriptural and Eastern pictures and his representations of old English life commanded the highest admiration, and reproductions of them are still a source of pleasure in many homes. But latterly, though he has produced some very fine works—notably the "Snake Charmer," which won a special compliment from the King only the year before last—picture-buyers, attracted probably by newer styles, have entirely neglected his work, and therefore several of his paintings had to be disposed of at a great sacrifice in the recent sale. Mr. Goodall will be remembered in his

retirement as one who knew how to touch the hearts of his fellow men, and many will join in the hope that there may still be health and happiness in store for his old age.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.

Mr. W. P. Frith is a veteran of eighty-four whose popularity has not been excelled by that of any English artist of modern times. He has long since retired from the practice of his profession, but in his day there was so much eagerness to see his pictures that a special staff of police had to be posted in front of them to keep the crowd in order at the Royal Academy. Such works as "Life at the Seaside," which was bought by the Queen, "Derby Day," and "The Railway Station," crowded as they were with suggestions of humour and pathos, full of life, and intensely realistic, took the town by storm and were talked of everywhere. Mr. Frith's fame partly rests, also, on a number of Shaksperian pictures, and on the brilliant representation of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which he executed nearly forty years ago for Queen Victoria. Some of the difficulties that he experienced in obtaining the many portraits embodied in this work are amusingly narrated in his published *Reminiscences*. Mr. Frith's pictures, so frequently engraved, have helped to spread the fame of English art in other lands, and he has been the recipient of many honours from foreign Academies.



COUNT BENCKENDORFF,
THE NEW RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.
Photograph by Petersen and Son, Copenhagen.

Mr. George J. Frampton, R.A.

Though still a young man, Mr. George J. Frampton has enjoyed the fruits of success to quite an extraordinary degree, for his studentship was a brilliant episode at the Royal Academy Schools no more than fifteen years ago, when he gained a gold medal and a travelling scholarship of two hundred pounds; and he has since won many other honours in various countries, including the Médaille d'Honneur of the Paris Exhibition, 1900.

Among his works are a number of memorials in marble and a statue of Queen Victoria for Calcutta. He has produced designs in ivory and enamel, and the "C.I.V." and Coronation Medals are noteworthy examples of his skill, while the famous terra-cotta decorations of the Constitutional Club exemplify his ability in another direction. It is not often that an artist becomes an "A.R.A." at thirty-four and a full member of the Royal Academy at forty-two, but such honours were achieved by this gifted sculptor, whose election as an "R.A." was hailed with much satisfaction in art circles last year.

The Cairo Season.

In spite of the cholera scare that threatened to frighten all sun-seekers away from Egypt, the season there is a big success. Cairo is very full, and, as it has had no case of cholera since the beginning of November, there is no need for anxiety. Of course, the Cairo of the international hotels, with their

modern luxury and sanitation, is very different from the Cairo of the native quarter, where hygiene attracts no attention at all. The Delta Barrage, which is within twenty miles of the town, is a very popular place for excursions just now, and some point-to-point races have been held recently near the same spot. Many well-known people are wintering in Cairo or paying the city a short visit, including Sir Ernest Cassel, General Sir Archibald Hunter, Mr. Seligmann, of the great American banking house that offered to settle the Venezuelan dispute, and Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Clive Behrens (Lord Rothschild's daughter). The dahabeahs on the



FEEDING THE GULLS FROM THE EMBANKMENT.

Nile are doing a thriving business, so are the hotel-keepers. The weather is sufficiently fine and mild to permit open-air functions to thrive, and there is an unprecedented gathering of wealthy Americans, to the great delight of all who have anything to sell. Military bands are to be heard regularly at most of the big hotels, there are dances and social functions every day, and, altogether, there is little room for additions to the gaiety of life.

*Another Royal
Convert to
Automobilism.*

The Prince of Wales, who has hitherto seemed somewhat indifferent to the charms of the horseless carriage, is reported to have now changed his mind, for he has ordered a motor-car of exactly the same size, pattern, and horse-power as that which was built to King Edward's order some time ago. Those interested in this great new industry should feel very grateful to the many Royal personages who were among the first to recognise the value of horseless vehicles. Among these Royal personages our Sovereign stands easily first; still, in this, as in so many other matters, His Majesty has always shown sound sense, and he does not belong to the group of motorists who would like to see the horse become as extinct as the dodo. Hitherto the Prince of Wales has been an enthusiastic cyclist, and, unlike most sailors, he is quite at home on horseback. As yet, none of the Princesses have followed the Queen's example and invested in a horseless victoria, but the time may come when even Princesses will regard horses as unattainable luxuries.

*To-Day's Royal
Birthday.*

The King of Sweden and Norway will receive many warm congratulations to-day from his English friends, for no European Sovereign, if the King of Denmark be excepted, is so truly attached to this country as is the descendant of Napoleon's good friend and brilliant comrade-in-arms. King Oscar is seventy-four, but he looks many years younger, for he has retained much of the vigour of youth. Of modern rulers he seems to be the one gifted with the most imagination; he is a poet and author as well as a King, and has always encouraged in every possible manner the more intellectual of his subjects. It is curious that the one monarch in Europe who is not directly related to our Royal Family should be the only Sovereign who openly sympathised with this country in her struggles with the Boer Republics; but this is so, and, if for no other reason, Englishmen should feel grateful to His Swedish Majesty.

*The Marchioness of
Headfort.*

The clever young actress whose marriage to the Marquis of Headfort made such a sensation two years ago has proved herself quite worthy of her new position. She has won golden opinions in the neighbourhood of



THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

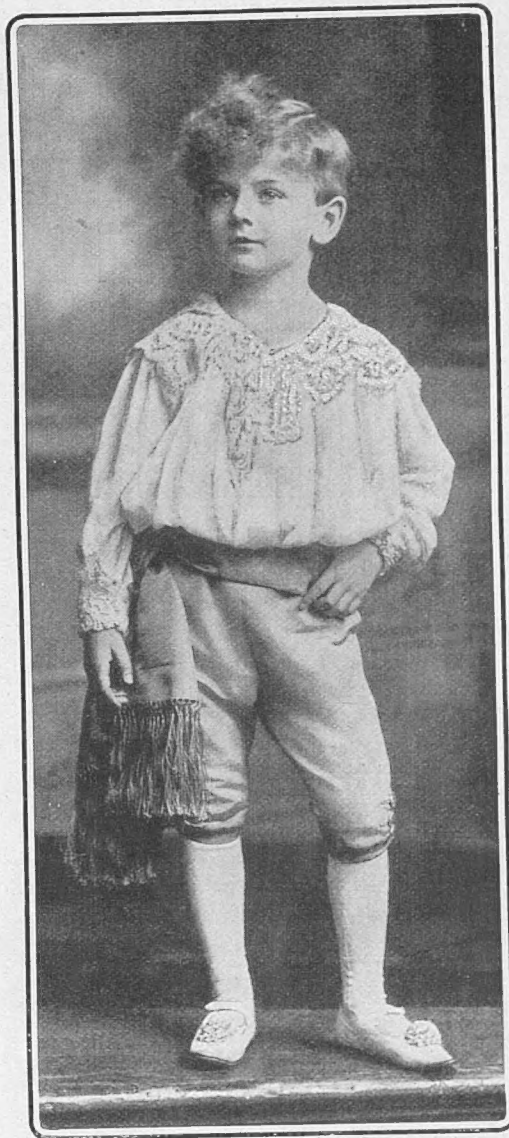
her husband's Irish seat, and she has shown herself on more than one occasion very practically interested in the various industries to which the great ladies of Ireland devote so much time and thought.

In one matter Lady Headfort can claim to have merited her good fortune: she is remarkably beautiful, her loveliness being rather of an Irish than an English type.

*A Lovely Younger
Son.*

England has always been famed for the beauty of her children, using the word in its narrower sense. The Hon. Maynard Greville, the little son of Lord and Lady Warwick, is an extraordinarily lovely child; indeed, he has inherited his mother's personal beauty, and few children, even in this age of photography, have been the subject of so great a number of exquisite studies, while he has also been painted at least once. Master Maynard, who has as his first name his mother's maiden name, had as god-fathers Lord Rosebery and the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Few younger sons are so well equipped in this respect, and it is to be hoped that this early association with two great men will bring him all kinds of good fortune.

In the spring a number of Royal visits will be paid, the King of Italy being the monarch chiefly concerned. The Czar will go to Rome as the guest of King Victor Emmanuel on the 3rd of March and will remain until the 5th. The Czar will then pay a visit to the Pope. After the Czar has gone, King Victor Emmanuel will come to England to stay with King Edward, and, on his return, will go to Montenegro to visit the Prince and Princess of Montenegro, the parents of Queen Elena. Then, in June, King Alfonso of Spain intends to return at Lisbon the call which King Carlos paid him at Madrid in December last. Altogether, the Sovereigns of Europe have mapped out an interchange of courtesies which seems to show that they do not expect the peace of the world will be broken for a time, at any rate.



THE HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE, SON OF LORD AND LADY WARWICK.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

*The Balkan
Trouble.*

Are we going to have the long-threatened Balkan rising this spring? Really, it must be confessed that the omens are very unfavourable, and, though the Balkan trouble is as hardy an annual as the sea-serpent or the French invasion of Morocco, it is bound to come at last. Count Lamsdorff's recent peregrinations suggest political developments of no mean importance, and it is freely rumoured on the Continent that Russia and Austria will act in concert against the Prince of True Believers and Khalif of Islam. One hears that the Sublime Porte is doing its best to enlist British sympathies, and looks for combined action by this country and Germany on its behalf. If the temperament of Britain can be estimated by the Venezuela affair, Abdul Hamid II. is likely to be disappointed. Surely the Government that entered into alliance with such a slippery customer as Germany to uphold the *status quo* in Macedonia would go out at once. I believe that if Russia and Austria present a joint note to Turkey demanding reforms in Macedonia, they will be conceded. In a few years, when her strategic railway in Asia Minor is completed, Turkey will be much better able to withstand the weight of a Russian attack. Perhaps this reflection is accountable for Russia's haste. In any case, the situation is a very critical one, and if the next six months pass without a bad outbreak of war in the Near East diplomacy may congratulate itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntley.

Mr. G. P. Huntley and his clever wife, Miss Eva Kelly, have just completed their cosy home at Thames Ditton by adding to it that crying necessity known as a baby. Every playgoer knows that, as Lord Cheyne in "Three Little Maids," Mr. Huntley has had a "fearful past"; now that he has become acquainted with the joys of paternity, he may also look forward to a fondly fearful future.

Thames Salmon.

Will the Thames yield salmon in the near future to the anglers who flock to its banks? I am told by a gentleman who is an enthusiastic and expert angler and has given great attention to the question that the omens are distinctly favourable, and that early in the summer the authorities will be able to come to some conclusion about the success or failure of their recent experiments in the neighbourhood of Cookham. Young fish have been hatched out and turned into the river, and they have made their way seawards. Did they survive the journey down the estuary? Will they be able to return? These are questions of very great interest not only to the anglers, but to the lovers of the river, whose affection for the famous water would surely increase if they knew it had been purified sufficiently to allow the king of fishes to pass freely under all the traffic of the water-way and return in due season to the higher reaches. It is quite clearly established that the waters of the Thames are purer now than they have been for many years past, but between their present condition and the condition for which anglers and river-lovers wait so hopefully there may be another decade or two, more's the pity.

The sharp fall of snow to which most of the country has been treated came a little too soon for the partridges, but just in time for sporting-men. For reasons best known to themselves, the birds

in the Eastern counties have shown no disposition to break up their coveys yet—perhaps they knew about hard weather to come—and though now as wild as hawks, they are fair prey. Snow is a phenomenon which few partridges have seen; only some very old stagers have any experience of whitened fields. So soon as the snow-fall comes the partridges leave the centre of the field, where they can see and hear every kind of trouble before it becomes serious, and they hurry off to the hedges, where they think less of risks than of comfort. Then the sportsman who has been trying in vain to get on terms with the birds since the end of October finds his chance awaiting him, for they will often rise to dogs as they did when the season opened. Just now the partridge is in fine condition. Coveys have found plenty of food, and the plumage of the cock bird is assuming its brightest tints preparatory to the mating period, which is only a few weeks away, and the birds of both sexes are heavier than they have been any time this season.

Pilgrimage in Rome.

Pilgrimages are the rule and not the exception in Rome (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent), so little surprise is evinced when it is stated that one of exceptional magnitude is being prepared. Still, for all that, the pilgrimage to the Pantheon on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Victor Emmanuel II. arrested the

attention of the whole of Italy, to say nothing of the city of Rome itself. It was, indeed, a most magnificent affair; thousands of admirers of the first King of United Italy took part in the solemn ceremony, and, the whole of Friday, business was practically made impossible through the blocking by the crowds of the narrow streets of Rome. Carriages filled with lovely wreaths, throngs of people of all ages carrying banners, troops of boys and girls, all wended their way towards the ancient, historic Pantheon and laid wreaths in scores on the tomb of the revered monarch. Their Majesties the King and Queen set the example by attending Mass in the early morning, and from the conclusion of Mass at nine till late at night the procession of visitors to the tomb ceased not to stream slowly past. All passed by in most excellent good order and no untoward event occurred to mar the solemn proceedings.

Signor Prinetti.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs for Italy, Signor Prinetti, who, by the way, possesses one of the largest cycle-manufactories in the country, and who is every inch a business-man and a man of determination, is the object of the public gaze at the present moment owing to a disagreeable incident which occurred a few days ago. Apparently, a certain Count Bellegarde, at one time in the Italian cavalry, had recently filled a post connected with the Emigration Bureau, and in the course of his duties in this position had to furnish certain reports. These reports, it seems, did not receive that amount of attention at headquarters which the Count deemed right and proper; he, therefore, asked for an interview with Signor Prinetti, who very kindly accorded him an audience in his rooms at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs; splendid rooms, they are too, situated opposite the Quirinal. Count Bellegarde evidently allowed himself

to become overexcited by the past incidents in his career, and suddenly lost complete control over himself, shouting out excitedly to Signor Prinetti that he would hear further of the matter. The Minister had no other alternative on being insulted in his official palace and in his official capacity under Government than calmly to ring the bell and instruct the ushers to show the excitable Count to the door, which was promptly effected. This unpleasant incident resulted in the Count sending his seconds to Signor Prinetti, who at present has, quite rightly, ignored the whole proceeding. It would, indeed, be most trying to officials of Governments if every time someone employed in Government service believed himself to have been neglected or slighted he thought it necessary to call out one of the Ministers.

A Future Empress? At Berlin the rumour is very persistent that the Crown Prince of Prussia will shortly be betrothed to his cousin, the Princess Alice of Albany. The Duchess of Albany and her daughter are now at Berlin, where they will stay for a short time before going on to Cannes to spend the rest of the winter, and it is expected that the Crown Prince will soon join them there. The Duchess and the young Princess will stay at the Villa Nevada from the end of January until the spring, and if the Prince goes to the South of France it will be incognito.



MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AND HIS WIFE AT THAMES DITTON.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

Spain and Portugal.

The visit of Dom Carlos to King Alfonso has been quick to bear fruit. I hear that the young King of Spain will go to Lisbon to pay a return visit in June next. Before doing this he will pay a State visit to the chief cities of his kingdom, including Seville, the "maravilla," and Barcelona, where the strikes come from. The fact that the Pretender, Don Carlos de Bourbon, has resigned his claims in favour of his son, Don Jaime, coupled with the fact that the young gentleman so highly honoured is dividing his time between Nice and Monte Carlo, and seems more interested in motor-cars than civil wars, suggests that the Alfonsist party is feeling more sure of its position. Another proof lies in the public announcement of the forthcoming Royal Progress. A very few years ago the young King made a start on a similar expedition. It was kept quiet, for the authorities were not sure of his reception, and they were justified of their modesty, for the undertaking was a serious failure and the young King was hurried back to Madrid. I am told he is not lacking in courage, but he has not the personal charm of his father, Alfonso XII., who won the admiration of the fierce Catalans, then, as now, objecting to being ruled from Madrid and clamouring for a republic.

The New Savoy Opera.

Mr. William Greet's presentation of the new Savoy comic opera takes place to-morrow (Thursday) night. I may, perhaps, be permitted to remind first-nighters that this piece is entitled "A Princess of Kensington," and that it is, like the last delightful Savoy opera, "Merrie England," the work of that smart librettist, Captain Basil Hood, and of that popular composer of music redolent of Old English times, namely, Mr. Edward German. In this piece I find that excellent acting and singing parts have been given to Mr. Henry Lytton, as a British sailor named William Jelf; Mr. Robert Evett, as Lieutenant Brook Green, of the Kensington Rifles; Mr. M. R. Morand, as Yapp, a "member of the Force"; Miss Rosina Brandram, as Nell Reddish.



MISS LAURA BURT,

WHO WILL PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN SARDOU'S "DANTE" WHEN SIR HENRY IRVING PRODUCES THAT TRAGEDY AT DRURY LANE.

Miss Louie Pounds, as Joy Jellicoe; Mr. Walter Passmore, as Puck (described as the "Imp of Mischief"); and the funny Mr. Passmore's fascinating young bride, Miss Agnes Fraser, as Oberon's daughter, Kenna. The scenery of this new Savoy opera

is really lovely, and I feel sure, from what I have already gathered, that the book and score promise well.

Russian Festivities. The Czar and Czarina have returned to St. Petersburg, and the winter festivities at the Court have begun. On the occasion of the Greek feast of the Epiphany, the Czar went to the blessing of the waters of the Neva, a ceremony which is always carried out by the ecclesiastics and the military with the



MASTER CYRIL SMITH,

WHO IS TO APPEAR IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE ADOPTION OF ARCHIBALD," TO BE PRODUCED AT THE AVENUE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

greatest pomp. On the 27th the first Court Ball will be held, and this will be followed by a number of more private dances to which the Diplomatic Corps, the Russian aristocracy, and the officers of the Imperial Guard will be invited. In the Hermitage Palace Theatre a number of French operas and modern comedies will be played, and there is even talk of producing a new ballet, called "La Fée des Poupées." These theatrical entertainments are an innovation and are the idea of the Czarina, who has made all the arrangements.

The Gillman Concert.

A Grand Concert is announced at the Crystal Palace in connection with the memory of the late Mr. Gillman, whose work at Sydenham has been so widely appreciated at its high and proper value. Among the vocalists engaged is Madame Ella Russell, whose fine vocal work has always been particularly appreciated by Sydenham concert-goers. There are not many sopranos whose sheer vocal strength can be accounted of great importance in so large a space as that which is provided for a singer in the great transept of the Crystal Palace; both here, however, and in the Albert Hall Madame Russell's great physical powers show her to particular advantage. Madame Russell has, by the way, nearly concluded all her arrangements for a vocal tour in the near future. Meanwhile, London concerts seem somewhat persistently to hang fire.

Royal Romances Week by Week.

Royal romances are decidedly the fashion, and this in more than one sense, for the wildest rumours concerning Royal matrimonial differences are constantly current, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of those whom they concern. The world has not yet become accustomed to the thought ofmorganatic marriages, or rather, to their being openly acknowledged; and there is something very strange in the thought that the Austrian Royal Family should provide the world with so many Royal romances, for the house of Hapsburg has long been the proudest in the world. Meanwhile, on the Continent there is a growing impression that the world may, ere long, learn of a very important Royal engagement by which a youthful Princess will find herself transformed into an Empress; should this come to pass, the world may see a replica of the very successful marriage of the late King of Holland and his gentle second Consort, good Queen Emma.



"WALKS-UNDER-THE-GROUND," THE CELEBRATED INDIAN CHIEF, IN A MOTOR AT OLYMPIA.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

The Red Man as a Motorist.

Colonel Cody's Wild West show at Olympia continues as popular as ever, and at each performance the daring exploits of the Roughriders of various nationalities are greeted with enthusiasm. Though the red man with whom Mayne Reid, Fenimore Cooper, and a host of writers of less celebrity made us familiar is fast disappearing before the advance of civilisation, to the youthful members of the audience the Indian is as fascinating as ever. The chief whose photo is here reproduced would appear to have accommodated himself to his changed conditions fairly readily, and yet "Walks-Under-the-Ground" in his younger days took part in many a stirring incident on the wide-stretching prairies. He is the oldest chief at Olympia, and, though he and "Buffalo Bill" are now on the best of terms, in the last Indian rising they were to be found in widely different camps, for while "Walks-Under-the-Ground" was among the risen redskins, Colonel Cody was with the force despatched to suppress the rebellion. The old chief is probably more at home in the saddle than in the seat of the chauffeur.

"Les Dernières Cartouches."

There is one magnificent tableau in Jules Mary's "Les Dernières Cartouches" that will draw all Paris to the Ambigu (writes a correspondent). It is a perfect realisation of de Neuville's picture that bears the name. The Battle of Sedan is raging, but the soldiers in the historic house at Bazeilles hear only the distant rumble and are engaged in tearing up linen to make lint for the wounded. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion. The house has been hit by a shell. This leaves the interior as de Neuville has painted it, and the interest is palpitating as the men fire till the last cartridge has gone, and then lean wearily, with crossed arms, waiting for the finish. The scene had an enormous success, and, perhaps, dominated a little too much the melodrama proper. Of this it is fair to say that it is one of the finest melodramas that has been seen at the Ambigu for years. There is crime, intrigue, a spirited military interest, and a very passionate love-story. Madame Archaimbaud and Mlle. Bernou were excellent; but the actors were not in any way exceptional, except M. Ginesty as the General Lambert.

The Sardine Failure.

I have just met a colleague back from Brittany; he tells me that the failure of the sardine harvest has led to an appalling state of misery. Nothing in Irish famines has ever equalled it. Paris is pouring down thousands of francs for relief, but the bleak and barren province seems dead with misery.

"Vectis."

Dr. Dabbs, formerly of Shanklin, who published in the Isle of Wight a bright periodical called *Vectis*, has now come to London, and will edit *Vectis* as a monthly journal, literary, social, and dramatic. Dr. Dabbs was Tennyson's physician for nearly twenty-five years, and wrote the obituary article on the poet which was published in the *Quarterly Review*.

TO MY OLD HAT.

And thou hast clasped my marble brow,
And daily sunk still deeper down
Until thy brim doth hide me now
From lofty sneer and worldly frown!
Thou once wert black—who now art brown,
But what care I for aught of that?
Thou art thy owner's rightful crown,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

And I must buy another tile,
To catch the scoffer's quizzing glance,
With modern crown of pattern vile,
Distorted brim—just born of France!
It will not fit me well, perchance;
E'en *you* were years before you sat
In ease my beauty to enhance,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

And I must hold it on with care;
Unwilling tend its painful gloss;
Must watch it with affrighted glare,
Lest greedy hands procure its loss.
The winds will thy usurper toss,
Some ruthless wheel will crush it flat.
I've seen *thee* 'neath the carts that cross,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

L'ENVOI.

Ah me! Too much this haunting fear!
Before I give thee to the cat
I'll wear thee for another year,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

ARTHUR STURGESS.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

A City's Changing Gaiety.

I spent exactly one hour at the Opera House for the Bal Masqué, and went out cheerless (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). There was a great falling-off and the ball was certainly the poorest in its history. There was only one orchestra, to begin with, and that meant long periods of complete silence, when the company walked about listlessly. There were no wonderful prizes for costumes, and, in point of fact, so shabby and apparently "hired out" were they that no prize, had there been any, could have been conscientiously awarded. The charm of suspecting a lady in a domino and with a loup for a Duchess is gone, for the best dresses come down from Montmartre four crushed into a cab and then a row with the cocher. I had a peep into the cafés, and there was no sign of life. The tables had all been covered for supper, driving away the ordinary clients, and those who came in no longer, as in the old days, cracked champagne and spent money as though bank-notes had a face-value equivalent to cigarette-papers, but were content with beer and a *choucroute*. There can be no doubt that the Opera balls, that have been degenerating for years, are at their last gasp. There is an erroneous idea that these balls are given by the Government. It is the contractor for the bars in the House who has to arrange for the series, and if there should be any profit, so much the better for him. This year he smelt disaster and cut down advertising expenses, and the usual poster of Chéret no longer brightened Paris. This same warped gaiety has prevailed in Paris during the last ten years to an astonishing extent. The 14th of July gave at one time the chance of enjoying French gaiety in all its uproar. To-day it is dead. It would be unkind even to allude to the slipshod stragglers who form a procession for Mardi Gras and Mi-Carême carnivals. They are hooted and hissed by the spectators.

Some Reflections.

Without hesitation, I should put all this down to the manner in which Paris in all grades of society has plunged into the sporting vortex. They educated themselves originally with a "bifteck" into being English—it was and has always remained a cat's-meat product, but it was English—and clothes other than English cut were smiled at. And on the top of this came the cycling craze, while in wealthy circles polo, golf, and tennis became as popular as in England. Football followed, and to-day ten thousand Frenchmen, paying two francs for entrance, will go down to Auteuil in no matter what weather for an international

contest. The motor was the final blow. No one but tourists stopped in the cafés till unreasonable hours. Early hours were the proper thing, and the morning coffee was taken at St. Cloud or in the Bois after a healthy spin in the motor or on the cycle. Wine-drinking at dinner has dropped out, and anyone who scans across a Paris café when dining will notice that there is a bottle of Vichy or Contrexéville on nearly every table. It is a good sign for a future healthier bodied and minded France; but it has been the death-blow to such affairs as the Opera Ball, the noisy Moulin Rouge, and to the cafés that closed their doors neither by night nor by day.

Jean Jaures.

By his election as Vice-President of the *Chambre des Députés*, Jean Jaures has put his enemies to rout. Jaures, who is the chief of the Socialist Party, is a very erudite man and, he has told me, a profound student of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. His views on the Dreyfus case led to a split with Rochefort, who, little suspecting that the irony of fate would land him into the Clerical camp, howled at him as being no atheist, as his daughter had been baptised with water from the Jordan. Jaures replied that a mother had a right to her children till they arrived at thinking age, and it was then for them to make a decision. Jaures won. He is a man who, without being an orator, can fascinate his audience, and he himself, carried away by his own enthusiasm, has been known to suddenly spring on to a table and lead off the "Carmagnole" amid the wildest excitement.

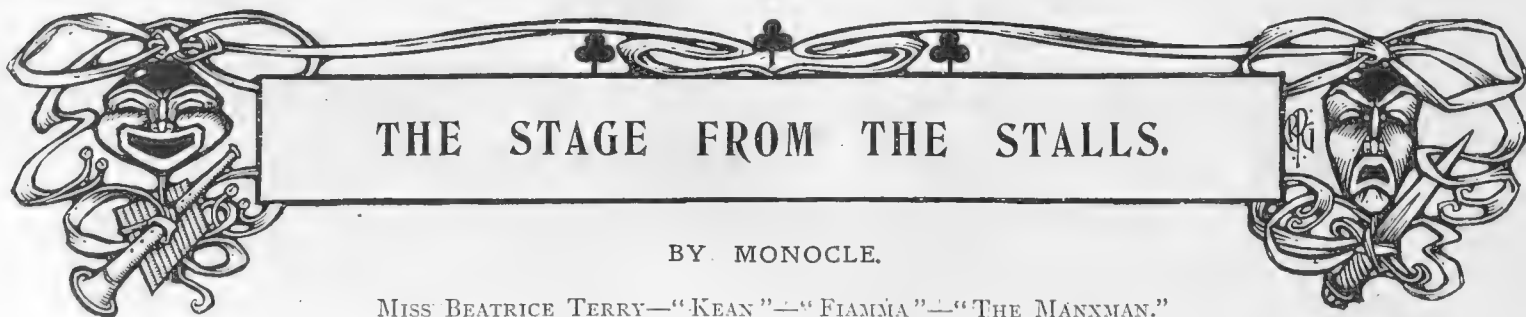
The Palace Given Up for Love.

The heroine of the Royal romance which has been occupying the thoughts of so many people during the last three weeks has given up one of the most charming Palace homes in Europe. Dresden has long been the centre of German culture and art, and this fact is naturally reflected in the various Royal residences. The rooms inhabited by the Crown Princess of Saxony were peculiarly charming, full of beautiful things, and also reflecting the owner's rather fastidious taste. The Court of Dresden has ever shown itself peculiarly hospitable to those English visitors who make the place their headquarters each winter and spring, and the interior of the imposing-looking Palace is familiar to many of our travelled countrymen and countrywomen.



THE ROYAL SCHLOSS, DRESDEN, THE FORMER HOME OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY.

Photograph by Zwingerhof, Dresden.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

MISS BEATRICE TERRY—"KEAN"—"FIAMMA"—"THE MANXMAN."

IN my notice upon "A Little Un-Fairy Princess," I find that I made a mistake in suggesting that Miss Beatrice Terry, who played the principal part, is a young lady almost out of her teens, and now discover that she really has not quite reached them. In a sense, no doubt, the mistake involves a compliment, because it gives the idea of a conscious exhibition of skill almost incredible in a girl of twelve. Still, like most of her sex, Miss Beatrice Terry objects to an exaggeration of her age, if she can be said to have any; and so, I apologise. It is really wonderful that she, so young, can give a performance nothing in which suggests the mechanical repetition noticeable in most even of the really remarkable child players. Nothing could seem more spontaneous or be more charming than her performance, which by itself repaid a visit to Mrs. Burnett's play.

Another instance of precocity, if in a sense less surprising, is that of Miss Gladys Unger, the authoress of "Kean," which is being played on Saturdays in a series of charity matinées at the Vaudeville Theatre. It appears that the play was written a little while ago, when the authoress had not emerged from her teens. "Kean" is not exactly of Minerva birth, but a play containing much matter of which most of our grown-up dramatists might be proud, and only marred by faults too often discoverable in the work of really experienced writers. Indeed, the main fault is on the right side, for Miss Unger's play suffers from excess of matter, whilst, as we know, our dramas are often weak from pure emptiness. I have seen or read first works of many dramatists, and can say without hesitation that few are so rich in promise as "Kean," and few exhibit such knowledge of the stage and its effects.

It is no use, in one's anxiety to encourage new-comers, to be dumb as to their faults, and so it is necessary to refer to some weaknesses in the play. The chief, indeed, I have mentioned: it is the excessive condensation. No doubt, every word in a piece should count, but only as one and not as two, and, if you take enough matter for three Acts and jam them into one, there will be some obscurity and a sad lack of light and shade, or rather, of fine shades; and, indeed, "Kean" in consequence is *ff* or *pp* all the time. There is not a pause in it; thank goodness, one is inclined to say, when one thinks of some pieces that consist almost exclusively of pauses, and yet we desire something comparable with the "brilliant flashes of silence" of Macaulay. Naturally, too, the congestion forbids adequate preparation and explanation. Audiences need less than a Balzac's minutely built foundations, and can endure pieces about people whose family history and coat-of-arms are not disclosed. Yet they must know rather more than Miss Unger has told. Worst of all, the piece smells too much of the footlights.

Yet, for all this, I remember best some passages of charming restrained dialogue uttered by Jennifer, to whom were given just the right words; her character, perhaps only a sketch, was admirably drawn, whilst the acting of Miss Henrietta Watson in it was quite beautiful; indeed, any change in her work would be detrimental. Moreover, I recollect some thrilling moments in the flashlight kind of play which presented a young writer with the curious, indefinable power of causing her piece to get across the footlights, which so often are a gulf fixed between the audience and the piece that reads very well in the library.

Mr. Hicks as the "Kean" was not at his best. One may ascribe some of his theatricality to the fact that he was representing an actor; but, even then, there was an excess. It seems strange, and is a pity, that an actor of such natural gifts should be so slow in learning the necessity for restraint. There was, in fact, a curious similarity in style between the actor and the play. Miss Irene Rooke, as the girl in boy's clothes—a whole tragedy in itself, thrust recklessly yet effectively into the short play—gave a valuable pathetic touch by her quiet display of emotion.

"Fiamma," which was given at the Prince of Wales', stands strongly in contrast with "Kean" in some respects. It was not at all poor in pauses. Indeed, the action was several times delayed by quite needless and tedious passages of comic relief, during which the piece stood still—or, one may say, really went backwards, since in such matters there is no standing still. Yet this drama may fairly be considered as a good specimen of the well-built play of its time, and would have doubtless enjoyed success even if Mario Uchard, the author, had not given adventitious interest by introducing a piece of domestic scandal connected with his wife, the beautiful Madeleine Brohan. The reason why the version by Mr. Grein and Mr. Hooton of "La Fiammina" fell rather flat was not that the comic relief missed fire, or that the technique was antiquated, or that the agreeable and intelligent acting of Miss Lilian Eldec lacked the necessary weight, but that the sentiment of the play seemed strained, and the house was

out of sympathy with it. "Blood is thicker than water" is a phrase truer in France than England, but not true there to the extent suggested in "Fiamma."

That family ties are stronger with our neighbours across the Channel than among us no observer will deny. Indeed, the idea of family has a strength there not imagined here, as may be seen from the legally recognised existence of a family council, from the quaint *lettres de faire part* issued in the name of a whole family to announce a funeral or wedding, from the parental power in respect of marriage, and from the not uncommon payment of debts by even fairly distant relatives for the sake of the family credit. This family feeling, as a shrewd observer has remarked, is the chief cause of the failure of the French to colonise; the Frenchman will not go abroad with the intention of ending his life in a strange place. If this were the proper place, it might be interesting to show how this came about, for obviously it is not founded on any natural instinct—of course, "natural instinct" is rather an Irishism, since it involves the idea of the possibility of unnatural, if not artificial, instinct. To understand this, one has but to consider how the idea of family grows weaker as one approaches the simple, natural life, till, when the animals are reached, it is merely represented by an attachment between parent and child limited to the period when the children are helpless.

To us, the idea of a young man carrying in his heart a store of ready-made latent love for the mother who died, he believes, when he was five years old is absurd. We must admit that we act to a remarkable extent under the compulsion of family ties. I read an interesting article the other day on one aspect of the subject, in which the writer pointed out how often a man will leave a large fortune to a relative whom he hates, and a mere trumpery legacy, if any, to the sincere old friend who follows his funeral with real tears. Yet, if we act on family ties practically, and, in a sense, sentimentally, and leave our fortunes to relatives we barely know, our love is based on intimacy, is friendship in an exalted degree, and whilst a youth may have a secret sentimental longing for a mother and be prepared to love her, if lovable, he will not love her as a "Fiamma," a stranger to him since he was a deserted babe of five years, merely because she is his mother. Yet this is assumed throughout the play, and, so far as a fallacy can be proved true, is demonstrated by it. The mere mention to young Lambert by his affectionate father and friend that his mother, who deserted husband and child when he was a child, is alive sets his heart aflame, and when he meets her and finds her the avowed mistress of a rich man his heart glows with love!

Indiscreetly, though not untactfully, the author introduces what seems to me the strongest proof of the weakness of blood ties. One may sum it up in the phrases uttered lately by a distracted parent: "I have lavished my love and my fortune on my daughter, denied myself luxuries for her, have passed sleepless nights and anxious days over her. In return for this I have expected a little love, a little natural affection. Now, since I object to her getting engaged to a handsome, penniless bounder, because I know she would be unhappy, she tells me that she hates me; and it is true—I feel that it is true—and all the love, care, trouble, and money I have spent on her do not cause her to hesitate a moment between him, the stranger she has known six weeks, and me, whom she will leave without a pang to follow him to the colony where he hopes to get an appointment." However, in "Fiamma" one sees that the young sweethearts show a very un-English submissiveness to the dictates of the parents. Mr. Graham Browne acted very ably as the young Lambert, and Mr. Aubrey Smith gave a remarkably clever piece of acting in the part of the father.

The revival of "The Manxman" makes one regret that Mr. Wilson Barrett so often plays parts that do not enable him to take fair advantage of his powers. In the version of Mr. Hall Caine's novel—one of his best, since it deals with matters that he really understands—Mr. Barrett gives a really admirable performance, nor, indeed, could anyone on our stage offer a more touching representation of the big-hearted Pete; the drawing of the part may show too much of the obvious and the superficial, yet the acting is rich in character and noteworthy for strength and finish. The whole Company appears to greater advantage in this human if rather too gloomy play than in the bombastic melodrama that occupies the evening bill at the Adelphi. Miss Lillah McCarthy is really interesting and womanly as the unfortunate heroine, and Mr. Wigney Percyval—an actor of much variety—made Philip a striking figure. Moreover, Mr. Ambrose Manning, in the effective part of Cæsar Cregeen, acted in a skilful, entertaining fashion, and handled its humours vigorously but without exaggeration.



MISS LENA ASHWELL AS EMILIA IN "THE REVIVAL OF OTHELLO" AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

MY VISITING LIST.

BY AN ECLECTIC HOSTESS.

III.—MISS LILY HANBURY.

FOND as I am of lions—and lionesses—I confess I have the least predilection for stage people. Not that I don't admire them awfully, and like them very much, and all that kind of thing, but they're so difficult to get hold of. They're always rehearsing, or trying on clothes, or being photographed, or going on tour in the "provinces"—wherever they may be—or being interviewed, or something; and then the "exercise of their art" (I believe that's what the papers call it) compels them to dine at such unearthly hours, poor dears! Just fancy having to sit down to dinner at six o'clock! The idea is appalling. So, when I do invite an actor or actress, I nearly always ask them to supper at one of the restaurants. They can generally get there in decent time, and, somehow, they always seem to fit in rather well with the colour scheme of the Carlton or the Savoy.

I never ask Miss Lily Hanbury to anything but supper, because I think it's a meal at which she shines most. She never seems tired or bored, and always looks so nice, even if she has just been playing a most trying part and crying and throwing herself about. And she's so amiable. If I were a young man and she smiled in that sweet way on me, I should be at her feet proposing in front of the whole restaurant. And she has a way of talking to the stupidest boy that puts him at his ease at once. One would think that nothing in the world interested her more than his idiotic conversation. It's too sweet of her, and I'm afraid I've abused her amiability more than once by putting her next to impossible youths whom I had to ask—well, simply because they are what they are. I'm sure they're nothing else! But she has never seemed to mind, and I've always apologised, of course. As for the boys, they've gone home delighted, and, even if Miss Hanbury has been bored, she can feel she's done a good action.

I think the secret of Miss Hanbury's amiability lies in her affectionate nature. I'd as soon have her for a friend as any woman in London, for she's thoroughly genuine and when she's fond of you she simply worships you. And then she's what my husband calls "a real pal": not one of those fair-weather friends of whom one meets such crowds in town. I have heard people call her gushing, but I don't believe she is one bit. She's simply a real good sort, with practically no "side" and a temper to be proud of. I know her mother and sister adore her, and I'm not surprised. What puzzles me is why on earth she has never married, but I suppose she knows her own mind best. In any case, it isn't for want of opportunity, I know.

Miss Hanbury once stayed with me at our place in the country, and she was quite the life and soul of the party. She's wonderfully

energetic and athletic. I never saw a better swimmer, and she's as much at home on a bicycle as I am in my brougham. She simply loves exercise, and I've heard she goes in for gymnastics, but I've never asked her. The children simply adored her. She gave up no end of time to them, and when I asked her if they didn't bore her to death she looked at me as if I'd gone mad. I'm sure she preferred their society to mine, though we always get on like houses on fire.

As a matter of fact, Miss Hanbury doesn't care to talk very much about the stage unless you press her to. But one day I got her to tell me some things. One would hardly believe it, but she told me that, though she's been twelve years on the stage (she's only twenty-seven, you know), she's just as nervous on a first-night now as she was when she made her first appearance. She feels parts frightfully and cries like a child on the stage sometimes, and she "studies"—I think that's what they call it—fearfully hard. She's awfully sensitive, too, but if she's quick to take offence, she's just as ready to "make it up" again. In fact, if I wanted to flatter her, I should call her the incarnation of good-nature—and I'm not altogether sure it would be flattery.

Though she likes going out and all that kind of thing, I think Miss Hanbury appreciates lionising at its proper value. She told me once that, though she liked to be entertained and made a fuss of and so on, she thoroughly appreciated the fact that were she Miss Jones of Clapham, without the slightest talent, no one would take the least notice of her—at any rate, none of the people who are always running after her now. In other words, she hasn't lost her head a bit, nor let it get swollen. She can't help knowing that she's good-looking and a popular actress, but she always keeps in front of her

the two facts that beauty fades and popularity may wane. It's a pity a few of her fellow actresses haven't the same good sense. But, upon my word, seeing what an absurd fuss people make of the stage nowadays, I wonder they don't all die of swelled heads before they're thirty.

Miss Hanbury's quite a domestic person despite her calling, which certainly doesn't permit of as much domesticity as some others. I don't believe she's ever much happier than when in her flat, which is really very pretty and shows her good taste. What is more, she's fond of her relations and will do anything for them she can.

But I really must stop writing. When I began, I meant to be critical, and I'm afraid I've ended by simply being what Jack calls "sloppy." However, my conscience doesn't smite me, for all I've said is true, and I'm glad I've had an opportunity of saying it. And if Miss Hanbury ever dares to refuse an invitation of mine after this—well, I shall try again, that's all.



MISS LILY HANBURY.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE CHIEF BREEDS OF BRITISH CATTLE: SOME TYPICAL HEADS.



V.

THE business of bargain and sale on the Riviera has unfailing interest. An environment, an atmosphere, suffices to change the value of an article almost while you watch it. There are many of these changes. Some exist for French folk who belong to the Littoral; others for Russians, Germans, and Italians, who are

supposed to have money and sense in combination; others for Americans and Englishmen, whose money and sense are in inverse ratio. Then there are changes founded on locality. An article has one value at Monte Carlo, and goes in descending scale through Nice, Cannes, Mentone, sometimes crossing the border and becoming quite reasonable in price under the mild Italian skies.

In the early morning I go to the flower and fruit market. The hall has a brilliant exterior, with green tiles that recall the minarets of some Eastern mosque; yellow medallions and lines of bright-red paint are scattered about it

are fond of them; but everything goes down upon the bill. None need grumble that this is so; it is only necessary to note it.

Driving is another of the Riviera luxuries. One price, a very shifting, accommodating, modest one, for all who are within the radius of knowledge; another, high as the Alpes Maritimes, immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, for the casual stranger and the sojourner in an unknown land.

The other day I witnessed an amusing little comedy. I had called for a friend at his hotel, and, as he was expected in a few minutes, sat down in a big basket-chair in the conservatory to wait for him. The hotel omnibus arrived, and there was a gathering of the staff to speed a passing guest. From the bald-headed manager to the little lift-boy all the staff was present. There was some fine pantomime by porters who brought down the luggage, to express the great exertion for which the proprietor of the hotel did not pay them adequately; some of the other servants looked at the traveller out of the corner of one eye, and yet contrived to be so much in his way that he could not help seeing them very plainly indeed. Others looked boldly at him, as though they wished to catch his eye not for filthy lucre's sake, but to say good-bye to a man after their own heart. One and all wore the happy expression assumed by comic-opera countrymen when the curtain rises and shows them about to dance upon the village green. But the passing guest was seeking the mid-day express for St. Petersburg after a very unprofitable sojourn in the land of brown hills and green tables. He did not look as if his visit had done him much good, and, though I could not see his gifts, I fear they must have been less than was expected from one who had dealt so handsomely with the Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco. The bus rolled away; the manager shrugged his shoulders; his smiles and bows seemed to fall away from him; he went thoughtfully up the steps. As for the others, their change was as surprising. Not a smile among them. Even the little lad in buttons was stricken serious with grief and disappointment. The head-waiter, a Frenchman, passed close by my chair, fingering a small piece of gold. He did not see me. "Ah, but they are stingy brutes, these Russians and Frenchmen!" he said to himself, more in anger than sorrow.

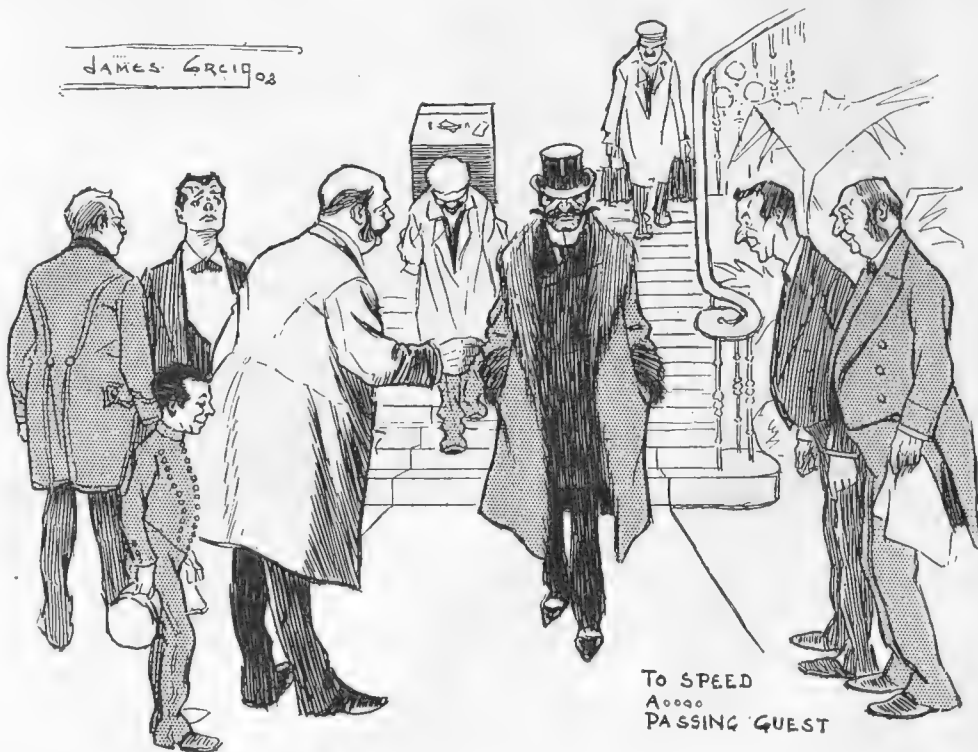
S. L. BENSUSAN.



FOR THE
ENGLISH...
SEVENPENCE
HALF-PENNY.

here and there; and yet it keeps its place in a region where every house has some suggestion of a toy and every town some reminiscence of the dolls'-houses of our nursery days. Round the stalls, where the produce of garden, orchard, and wood have all the freshness of the homes in which they flourished a few short hours ago, the market-women are on the defensive. The morning attack by the hotel-managers has commenced, and they must repel it as best they can. Managers must buy somewhere, and union would be strength; but, alas for human nature, the prospect of a large order outweighs other considerations, and illegitimate reductions upon stated terms are proposed and accepted. There is no room for large profits; it must be possible to live on very small ones, and the greater part of the stock is cleared in a very short time. Then the managers and regular visitors to the market retire and leave clear way for the casual visitor.

The other day, I tried a simple experiment by going to the market with a couple of friends. We asked the old Italian woman the price of pears, going to her one by one and asking in Italian, French, and English. For Italians, six pears cost fivepence; for the French, they were sixpence; for the English, they were sevenpence-halfpenny. "He who goes to a country without a knowledge of its language," said Francis Bacon, "goes to school; he does not go to travel." Turn from matters of sous to matters of sovereigns, and you can see why the Briton and the American are particularly welcome to the Riviera. They get civility and courtesy because they



TO SPEED
A...
PASSING GUEST



MR. HENRY J. WOOD.

DRAWN AT A SPECIAL SITTING BY EDWARD KING.

(See Page 34.)

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

VII.—HOW NEW YORK EXERCISES.

NEW YORK is nothing if not athletic. From the gamin who throws a "cartwheel" on the pavement, to the member of the Upper 'Ten, or "Four Hundred," who exhibits himself on Fifth Avenue, physical training is a pet indulgence. To New York's men and boys exercise is an amusement; with its women it is a passion. American girls go in for athletics of every description. New York is the centre of "physiculture" for the gentler sex. Women learn how to breathe, to walk, to climb, to ride, to fence, and to box. They train every muscle, and some of them spend from three to four hours a day in various exercising "fads."

As you stroll down New York's fashionable promenade, Fifth Avenue, of a bright afternoon, you can pick out the women who belong to certain training-schools; you meet some who walk according to "Professor" Hopkinson, and others who breathe "just like West Point Cadets." New York women have a characteristic military walk and seem to be keeping step as they move. They never stroll leisurely; they rush, no matter how many idle moments may be to their credit.

women are not willing to allow any "mere man" (with apologies to Madame Sarah Grand) to outrival them in horsemanship.

Aside from the athletics indulged in as "fads" by the Society woman, there are upwards of three thousand business-women—professional doctors, lawyers, accountants, clerks, typists, milliners—who take their daily exercise with the utmost regularity as a means of keeping themselves "fit." If there is a well-equipped woman's "gym." anywhere near a New York business-woman, she will patronise it an hour or so each morning before beginning the toil of the day. The favourite form of exercise is the "Swedish movement," consisting of a series of peculiarly adjusted machines which give a species of massage. In connection with these machines there are ladders, ropes for climbing, poles, vaulting-machines, rings, dumb-bells, horizontal-bars, punching-bags, and "dummy" sculls for boat-rowing indoors.

Within recent years, New York women have gone in for boxing and fencing to a very great extent. Nearly every woman who claims to be the least athletic has a "punching-bag" in her boudoir,



AN OPEN-AIR GYMNASIUM IN NEW YORK, ON THE EAST SIDE, IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT.

Photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

In various parts of the city one finds gymnasiums for women. Even in the crowded tenement districts there are Working-girls' Clubs with complete outfits of gymnastic appliances. Indeed, many factory-girls who lead sedentary lives while at work make it a point to "have a go" at the dumb-bells, the foils, or "ladder-climbing" before beginning the day.

Most of the fashionable women's gymnasiums and training-schools are above Forty-Second Street, on the western side of the city—what would be in London the "West-End." Women's training schools are equipped with every apparatus and device for muscle-developing that can be found in men's gymnasiums. The punching-bag and boxing-glove are much in evidence, and many of the schools have private rings for horseback riding.

Strictly in confidence and between ourselves, it might be mentioned that a great many American women enjoy bareback riding. But this is not all: many of them ride astride, "just like men." There are even fashionable riding-academies where the horses are turned loose, bridleless and saddleless, in the ring, and the American amazons are required to catch and mount them while in motion. This dare-devil form of exercise arose from the fact that, at West Point, America's most fashionable military academy, the young soldiers are required to mount their horses bareback and while in motion, as a training for fighting Indians on the Western plains. Of course, New York

and, if you chance to live next-door, you can hear her playing a lively tune on it of mornings.

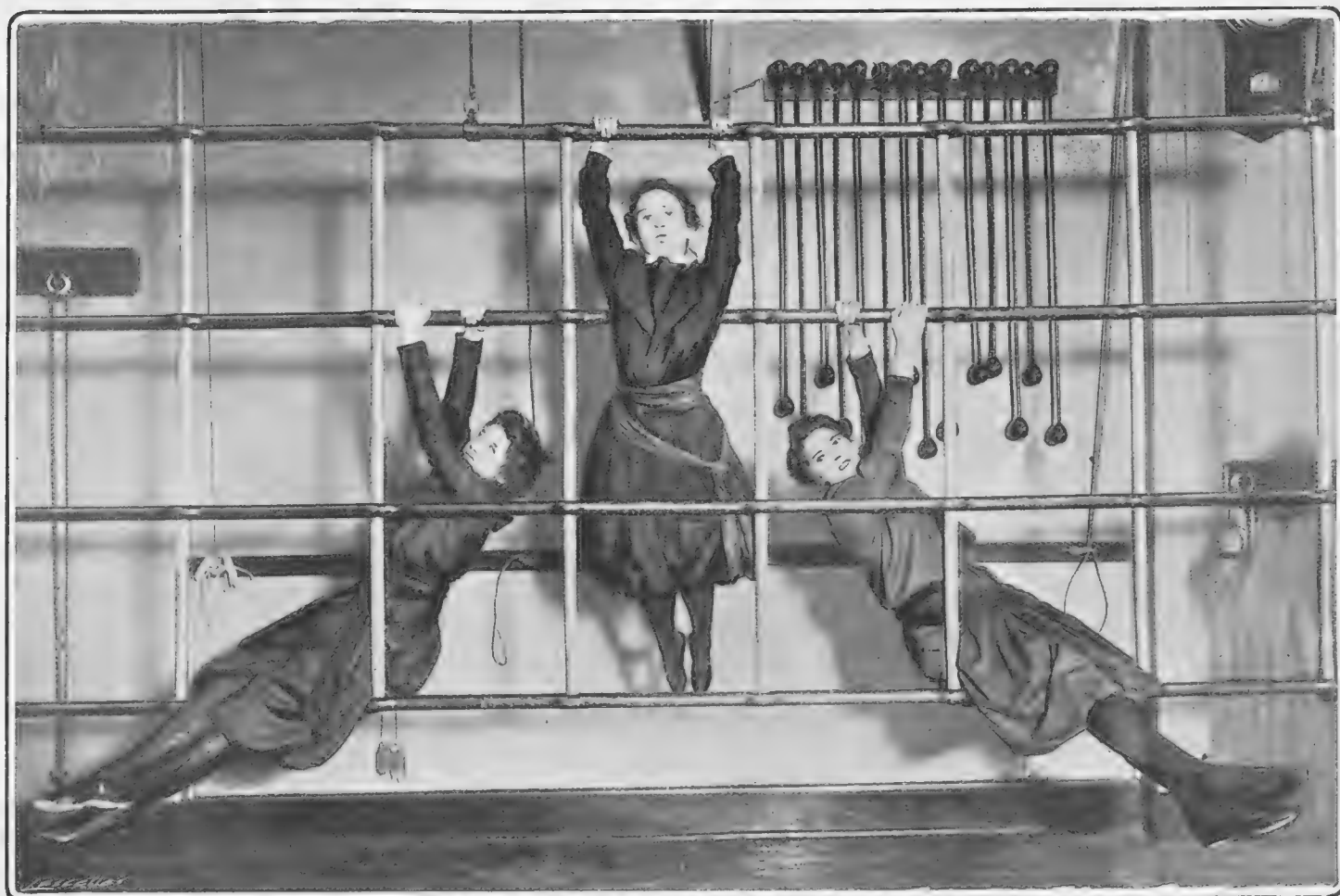
Near Forty-Second Street there is a Woman's Club given up entirely to boxing. It was outside this Club last year that a woman "squared off" and gave a tramp a thrashing in the most scientific manner imaginable. He had attempted to steal her reticule. Unfortunately for him, she chanced to be the boxing "Professor" of the Woman's Club. It was a lesson to New York tramps, and many a New York husband took mental memoranda of the incident to guide him in his future diplomatic relations with his wife.

In the matter of exercise, even New York street-boys are well provided for, both by private Athletic Associations and by the Municipality. At various points in the crowded districts are placed elaborate gymnasiums for public use. A typical open-air gymnasium consists of a frame of iron piping, fifteen feet high by about twenty wide and thirty feet long. Some are somewhat larger. This frame is held in position by steel supports. There run across it in various directions bars and ladders, and every imaginable form of acrobatic exercise can be indulged in by the street Arab, from simply "skinning the cat" to the fearsome "giant swing." Gathered about these places on Saturday afternoons—when there is no school—one sees hundreds of boys, each eager to show his prowess on the field, or rather, in the air.

W. B. NORTHROP.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

VII.—HOW NEW YORK EXERCISES.



GYMNASTICS FOR GIRLS: EXERCISES ON THE SWEDISH LADDER.



GYMNASTICS FOR GIRLS: FENCING FOR GRACE OF BODY

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE keen, eloquent, and searching criticism of "Tolstoi as Man and Artist" by Merejkowski (Constable) is essentially an affirmation, accompanied by a show of proof, that Tolstoi is a sham. It is not asserted that he is a sham as author and artist. On the contrary, Merejkowski has a very high opinion alike of his genius and his achievements. But he insists that Tolstoi's renunciation is a mere imposture. Instead of sacrificing his property, he has retained all its substantial benefits. One of his biographers says: "Not wishing to oppose his wife by force, he began to assume towards his property an attitude of ignoring its existence; renounced his income, proceeded to shut his eyes to what became of it, and ceased to make use of it except in so far as to go on living under the roof of the house at Jasnaia Poliana." What does "except in so far as" mean? Tolstoi is very comfortable. "It is true that his study is plain, but it is adapted for working purposes, excellently ventilated, very quiet and very refined. Special vegetarian dishes are served at his table, but his wife has succeeded in making them so appetising and varied that they are in reality more choice than dishes of meat. Tolstoi's dress is just as simple as his food, but he wears in winter grey flannel, very soft and warm, and in summer loose, cool blouses of a peculiar cut. Everything is made to sit on him comfortably and easily. The Countess cares for him like an untiring nurse, and only leaves him for a little while at a time. As for many years she has studied minutely the habits of her husband, she can see directly he leaves the study from his mere look how he has got on with his work and what humour he is in. If he wants anything copied, she at once lays aside all the work of which her hands are always full, and by the prescribed time the copy is carefully written out by her hand and laid on her husband's writing-table. More than this, in the careful hands of his wife, Tolstoi's money has steadily increased, and he is now a very wealthy man." According to this critic, Tolstoi has never been charitable or even kind. He can never care and has never cared for anyone except himself. This was observed by Turgenev, and thence came their estrangement. Noticeable are the relations between Tolstoi and the great but unfortunate Dostoievski. They never met, but Tolstoi was for many years meaning to make the author's acquaintance. "I considered Dostoievski my friend, and never thought but that we should meet, and, as that never happened, it must have been my fault." He was always intending, but he never carried out his intention—never found time; and it was only after poor Dostoievski's imposing funeral, when everyone was talking about him and making as much fuss as if they had just discovered him, that Tolstoi at last joined in the general acclamation, remembered his deferred affection, and suddenly realised that this was his "nearest, dearest, and most valued fellow-creature." Tolstoi states himself that in the Siapino Night Refuge he sought for folk sufficiently needy to deserve help in money to whom he could distribute thirty-seven roubles entrusted to

him by wealthy and charitable men in Moscow. This money remained in his hands. He sought, and could not find, such poor. Dostoievski would have had no difficulty in finding them.

It seems we are to have a Life of Lord Beaconsfield as well as Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone. There have been many Lives of Lord Beaconsfield, one of the most interesting being that by which Mr. T. P. O'Connor first made himself known. But we have had no authorised biography, and the personal documents and correspondence from which alone a complete Life could be written are in the hands of Lord Rowton. It is said that Lord Rowton has given access to many of them, but whether or not they will be employed in the forthcoming book is not stated. I may venture to refer the biographer to the Life of "Shepherd" Smith for some interesting Disraeliana. "Shepherd" Smith was for many years the oracle of the *Family Herald*, and numbered among his friends such men as Professor De Morgan. He was for years on cordial terms with Lady Bulwer-Lytton, and in her letters to him may be found some very curious glimpses of Disraeli and his wife. It would be unwise to accept every statement of Lady Bulwer-Lytton's as accurate, but in this case there are marks of authenticity about the particulars.

The agreeable writings of Sir John Skelton should also be utilised. Disraeli had a real friendship for Skelton, and so had Froude, and it was partly at Skelton's instance that Froude wrote his little book on Beaconsfield. I am sorry to hear, by the way, that there is no chance of a biography of Skelton being published.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing the Four Folios of Shakspeare reproduced by photography from perfect copies. Though reprints from the First Folio by facsimile or otherwise have been from time to time published, no reprints of the Second, Third, or Fourth Folios have hitherto been produced. A fine set of the Four Folios cannot now be bought for less than £2500, and even for a poor set £1000 would be a low price. A thousand copies of each Folio will be printed on pure linen-paper, and the price of each will be three guineas net. The binding will be paper boards, but the books may also be had bound in full calf in the contemporary style for

an additional sum per volume. This is a spirited enterprise and ought to prove successful.

Next month, Messrs. Longmans will issue in two volumes the long-expected book of the late F. W. H. Myers, "Human Personality and its Survival after Bodily Death." It will be edited by Dr. Hodgson and Miss Alice Johnson. I understand that Myers left an autobiography behind him, and many readers will hope that this may also be given to the world.

It is worth noting that the cheap popular periodicals are once more going in for huge pecuniary prizes.

O. O.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.—VII. "LIZ."



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

By E. H. Mills. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")



V.—SIR WILLIAM B. RICHMOND.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

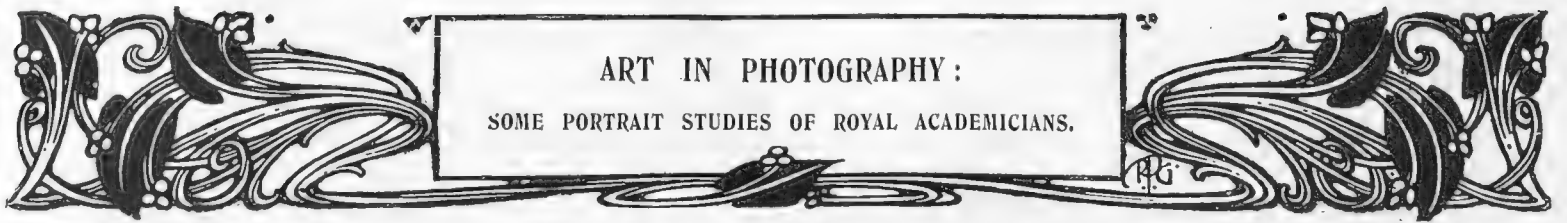


VI.—MR. FREDERICK GOODALL.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



VII.—MR. WILLIAM POWELL FRITH.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



VIII.—MR. GEORGE JAMES FRAMPTON.

BALLAD OF THE BRAVE COMMISSIONAIRE.

BY PERCY GREENBANK.

During the winter sales, the crowd at some of the West-End emporiums is so great that the doors have to be shut to prevent a further influx of customers.—DAILY PAPER.



I.

He was a bold Commissioner,
Of proud and portly mien,
Who, in a West-End thoroughfare,
Was daily to be seen.
Outside a building large and grand—
A linendraper's stores—
Our hero, Joseph, used to stand
And open carriage-doors.

II.

He'd been a soldier in the dim,
Dim long ago, and thus
His present duties seemed to him
A bit monotonous.
Such wonderfully fine physique,
Inured to shots and stabs,
Seemed rather wasted, so to speak,
In hailing hansom-cabs.

III.

But glory no one can avoid.
One morning wan and pale,
The shop where Joseph was employed
Announced a remnant sale.
Such bargains, such a "special line,"
You never yet did see;
Materials, once "two-and-nine,"
Marked "one-eleven-three."

IV.

Now scarcely were the shutters down
When frenzied females came
From every part of London Town,
With eyes and cheeks aflame.
The counters they went hurtling at,
Their brows all fiercely knit,
In hopes of finding something that
They didn't want a bit.

V.

With elbows sharp they shoved through gaps,
And struggled hard to get
A piece of muslin, or, perhaps,
A yard of flannelette.
Now here, now there, they wildly ran,
And still came pressing in,
Till they were packed more tightly than
Sardines inside a tin.

VI.

Authorities were in despair,
And, fearing more and more,
They ordered Joseph then and there
To close and hold the door.
Here was a chance to show the stuff
Of which brave Joe was made.
One glance around—it was enough,
He manfully obeyed.

VII.

Then from the East and from the West
Excited matrons rushed.
They cannoned off poor Joseph's chest,
And shrieked and shoved and crushed.
They hurt him very, very much,
And, though he could not speak,
He thanked his stars that he had such
An excellent physique.

VIII.

And thus he held the doors, although
At times in direst fix,
Until the clocks began to show
That it was close on six.
And then, with one despairing shout,
The baffled women fled,
And left our hero flattened out,
And pretty nearly dead.



IX.

And many a cup of strong beef-tea,
And many a glass of wine,
They poured down Joseph's throat, ere he
Regained his figure fine.

When convalescence had commenced,
He told the tale aloud
Of how he held the doors against
A bargain-hunting crowd.



CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



V.—CLEOPATRA.

"COME, THOU MORTAL WRETCH,
WITH THY SHARP TEETH THIS KNOT INTRINSICATE
OF LIFE AT ONCE UNTIE."

NEWSPAPER HEAD-LINES.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

A MODERN ROMEO.

By JOHN WORNE.



TWO heads were bending over one small book.
 "You squash so near me," said Kenneth;
 "it's too hot!"

"But I want to see too!" replied Joan, plaintively.
 "It's much too hard for you to understand; you're only a little girl."

"I understand about love and things as well as you."

"Well, I'll read it out to you."

"Yes, read it out!"

"Here's where we'd got to: she's on the balcony, you know——"

"Like the one outside my window?"

"Oh, much beautifuller than that: all roses and honeysuckle. Listen! She doesn't know he's watching her."

"How lovely!"

"I can't read if you will talk."

"Go on."

He read: "'Tis but my name that is my enemy: Thou art thyself, though not a Mont——Mont——'"

"What does she say?"

"Never mind." He passed the objectionable word by and went on: "'What's Mont——?'"

Joan interrupted: "Yes, what is it?"

"It is not hand nor foot, nor arm nor face, nor any other——"

"Yes; but what *is* it?" said Joan.

Kenneth looked rapidly down the page, but could find no affirmative explanation, so he let her look at the word.

"Mont' is the French for a mountain, I *think*," she said.

"And 'ague'? I remember seeing that word. I know—it's what the man died of in 'Pirate Jack.' Don't you remember?"

"Then the whole word looks as if it were a mountain-fever—does the rest of the story show that?"

"I don't think so." He shook his head. "However, let's go on. You'd never get to the end of poetry if you kept stopping to understand it. 'Oh, be some other name! What's in a name?' I know now!"

"What is?" said Joan.

"It doesn't mean anything; it's the fellow's name."

"Let's call him 'Monty.'"

"Yes, let's. She calls him 'Romeo' usually."

So he read on, beautifully but jerkily, and she lay back on the grass and listened dreamily, rolling her curls round her fingers. Kenneth followed strictly his principle of not stopping to understand.

After a time she said, "Isn't it lovely? Who wrote it? The same person who wrote 'Pirate Jack'?"

"No, this is Shakspeare."

"I didn't know he knew all that about love. I thought he was all speeches, and Romans and Countrymen, and dull things."

"No. You wait till we get to the fight in the tomb!"

"I don't think I shall like that so much. Is it far off?"

"It's near the end."

"Well, you tell me all the rest. Did he marry her?"

"Oh, yes; but their people were awfully sick about it. They weren't supposed to talk to each other, you know; her father had quarrelled with his."

"How funny! Do you know, Papa said at lunch that I wasn't to play with you, and if your father's cows came on to that piece of field again he would wring their necks."

"I'd like to see him try it on the bull!"

"I'll ask him not to. He was very angry. But I don't see why that should prevent my playing with you, do you?"

"No; it's silly when we're going to be married."

Joan reflected a moment.

"I asked Nurse about that——"

"About getting married?"

"She said it couldn't be done for ever so many years."

"She doesn't know anything about it." Joan put her hand in his.

"I say," he went on, "did you say your father said that you weren't to talk to me?"

"Yes."

"Then let's get married."

"Why, Kenny?"

"Because then, if your father locks you up and says you mustn't come near me, I can just go to the police-station and say 'I want my wife.' Then they've got to get you for me, no matter what your father says. It's against the law to take away a man's wife."

"Will they really?" Her eyes beamed with delight.

"I say! Let's do Romeo and Juliet: you've got a balcony and a Nurse."

"How lovely! What am I to do?"

"You come out on to the balcony to-night; I'll be underneath, and then you say what I've been reading——"

"But I can't learn all that."

"Now you're going to spoil it all."

"No," she said. "Can't I just say 'What's in a name?'"

"We ought to do it properly."

"But we shan't have time, and they'll hear us. Let's pretend we've said it all."

"Oh, very well!" he said. He never pretended if he could help it, but the length of the play was a difficulty. "Then you ought to tell your Nurse——"

"But she would spoil——"

"Yes, we'll have to pretend you told her." Circumstances were too strong for him there. "Then you have to take a draught which puts you to sleep and makes your people think you're dead."

"It's quite safe?" she asked, with hesitation.

"Oh, yes!" he replied.

She was relieved. "But, if I'm not really dead, it's awfully hard to pretend to be."

"Then, after we've been married by the apothecary—no, the holy friar——"

"Is there one here?"

"It's impossible to do anything serious with you if you will make difficulties. It's so easy to make difficulties," he said, sulkily.

She repented hurriedly and suggested the curate.

"That would be a lot of good!" he said. "He would take you straight home before we got to the tomb part."

"What is the tomb part?" she asked, tremulously.

"Why," he said, with elation, "after we are married, I find that they've taken you to the family vault, and I think you are dead, and I fight the other man who wanted to marry you; and then I kill myself, and then you wake up and kill yourself, and then our families say that, thanks to that, they won't quarrel any more."

"Oh!" said Joan. "It seems a good deal, because your cows——"

"It isn't only that," he replied, contemptuously. "You're afraid."

"N—no," she said; "let's go to the curate——"

"And then he'll prevent us from doing the rest! That's just the sort of idea a girl would have."

It was exactly what she was hoping, but she wouldn't confess it for worlds.

"Of course, if you're in a funk about it," he said, "it's no use."

"I'm not in a funk!" she replied, hotly. "I want to be married as much as you do."

"I'm afraid we'll have to leave the marrying to the end. Of course, it doesn't matter so much as the rest."

She didn't agree, but was ashamed of giving more proof that she was only a girl, so she said nothing.

A step was heard among the trees. "Here's Nurse coming!" she whispered. "Quick! She mustn't see you!"

"To-night, nine o'clock," said Kenneth. "You say, 'What's in a name?' and I'll get you down. I'll think of something grand." He slipped away just in time, and Joan was swept in to tea, with many reproaches for wandering so far alone.

Indeed, the question was considered so serious that she was sent to bed half-an-hour earlier than usual. But what did that matter when it was exactly what she wanted? What did anything matter to one whose mind was in the delicious tumult of preparation for an elopement?

And such an elopement! An elopement conducted on the best classic model, with apothecaries and holy friars and disappointed rivals and everything complete—even the tomb part. She could not help feeling a qualm about the tomb part, but at the hour of nine, while the head of the family round at the other side of the low, rambling house was wrathfully concocting a letter about cows to his solicitor, a curly head peeped over the balcony and in a half-hearted whisper asked the darkness tremulously what was in a name.

A bat whirled by and she shuddered. She was a brave girl, and did not mind mice when they ran, but strongly objected to them having wings.

Again came the pathetic question, "What's in a name?" Still no answer. "Kenneth," she said, impatiently, "what's in a name?" I can't say it louder, or they'll hear."

At last, to her joy, there was a rustling in the garden below (it was

"No; you go first. You must show me how— Why can't we get down by the tree?"

"How do we know there is a tree at all?" he said, and she was silent but not convinced.

"Look," he said; "it's quite easy." He cautiously put his foot over the railing and found the first rung of the ladder. She watched with interest and excitement. He let go of the balcony, and, after much wobbling, descended another step. The thing would insist on swinging him in against the wall, but he looked up and whispered with ecstasy—

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—"

At this point the ladder gave way and he disappeared suddenly. She stifled a little shriek and hurried down by the tree, to which she was more accustomed. She found him rubbing his knee and saying with undaunted courage, "What shall I swear by?"



[DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.]

"I'm not in a funk!" she replied, hotly. "I want to be married as much as you do."

"A MODERN ROMEO."

only a few feet down), and Kenneth murmured, "Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised. Henceforth I never will be Romeo."

"But I thought you were," she said. "Aren't we going to—?"

"Hush! Half a minute, fair saint!"

She thrilled as she watched him clambering up by a tree.

"Have you got the book?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," he replied. "And look!" He unbuttoned his coat and gleefully uncoiled some pieces of old rope and knotted table-cloth. Proudly he tied it to the balcony railings and looked over.

"What's that?" she asked, with admiration.

"A ladder," he replied. "That is how I get up to see you."

"But you came by the tree."

He ignored this tactless remark. "And now, lady, by this means, I faith, we do escape," he said; then added, sharply, "Say something. Say 'Forsooth!'"

"Forsooth!" she whispered, tenderly. "What's in a name?"

"Now," he said, "you go first."

"You mustn't," she said. "Oh, are you hurt?"

"No," he replied, stoutly.

"Let's pretend I came down the same way."

"Thy kinsmen," he said, "must not find me here. Quick!" He took her hand and limped away hurriedly. They ran along the lane and she clung to him tightly as they passed through the horrible blackness of overhanging trees.

"What do we do now?" she gasped, when she could find her voice.

"The die is cast," he said; "thou art mine for aye."

"Kenny, where are we going?"

"To the tomb," he said. "I believe you're afraid."

"I'm not!" she replied, angrily, and they ran on. After a while she realised with terror he was taking her to the churchyard.

"Why can't we—pretend—there's a tomb?"

"You can't pretend when there's a real one—heaps of them! Are you afraid?"

"No!" she said, fiercely, and they went on. The church was

more than two miles away, along lonely lanes and by a foot-path across a field in which she knew there were cows. She instinctively drew nearer to her champion and hoped that cows slept well, and wondered if they had eyes like cats. Horrible thought—cats' eyes, the size of saucers, in the dark! She nearly sank to the ground in terror, but there was always the fear of that contemptuous question, "Are you afraid?" and that was more terrible than a wilderness of cat's-eyed cows.

Kenneth was not altogether happy himself, but he was quite determined not to be done out of the tomb part, and, whenever he began to feel green and moist about the forehead, he asked, with lofty scorn, "Are you afraid?" and was cheered.

When they reached the gate of the churchyard, they were both a little out of breath. They opened it cautiously and went in. Joan shivered; this was worse than cows.

"Now!" said Kenneth. He meant to speak in verse, but he had forgotten it all. Besides, things that he had read with joy seemed now too horribly real and creepy to be uttered aloud, so he contented himself with an occasional "Forsooth."

"You must drink this," he said, sternly.

He produced a small scent-bottle and handed it over. She looked at it doubtfully and asked what it was. He would not say.

"There's nothing in it," she said, looking closer.

"Take out the cork and try," he replied.

"There is no cork," she said.

He hurriedly felt his pocket. It was very wet.

"Forsooth!" he exclaimed, with considerable annoyance. More childish pretence! "Drink, fair lady," he said.

She understood, and, putting the bottle carefully to her cheek, lifted her head upwards.

"Now lie thou there." He pointed out a broad stone.

"Oh, Kanny!" she protested. But he was not going to lose the tomb part; he had lost too much already to bear that.

"But you've got to; that's why we came. You are sleeping and I think you're dead, and—I wouldn't be afraid if I were you."

That settled it. She lay down on the tombstone. He moved away, but she clutched his arm with a terrified whisper—

"You're not going to leave me?"

As a matter of fact, he was wondering whether it would not be simpler to pretend he had gone among those most forbidding shadows. Indeed, the whole adventure was not quite what he had pictured. He had sadly underestimated the moral effect of a churchyard at night.

"The time," he said, "and my intents are savage wild." But the tone was not equal to the sentiment.

"Kenny, if you go I shall scream! Let's pretend we've done the tomb part. I'm not afraid, but it's—it's so cold—Oh, what's that?"

She clutched at her mouth and stood still, transfixed with horror, and Kenneth's hair rose slowly upright. He put his arm round her to comfort himself, and looked in the direction from which they had heard a noise, a distinct and unmistakable noise; and a noise in a churchyard at dead of night is a very different thing from a noise at other times in other places.

The noise came again—a rustling among the fallen leaves, and something black shot along the ground.

"It's—it's only a cat," said Kenneth, "or a rat. Are you afraid?"

"N—no," she replied, "but is there any more tomb part?"

Hooray—a way out without loss of dignity.

"No," he said, hoping she would not hear his voice trembling; "no, I find you're not dead, you know, and we go."

"Let's," said Joan, and they hurried out, taking great care not to look behind.

Out under the open sky, away from trees, they halted. "Kenny," said Joan, "do we go home now? I'm very tired." He held her up and looked at her in doubt.

"Kenny," she said suddenly, "I—I told you a fib—in there."

"What?" he asked.

"I said—I wasn't afraid. That was a—a big one. I *was* afraid."

She shrank from the outburst of contempt, but all he said was "So was I," which was the bravest thing he had yet done. It was a consolation to know that both were frightened.

"I don't like going past those cows again," he said.

"I'm so glad!" she replied, gratefully.

"I wish it weren't so dark," he added, and she pressed his hand.

"Let's go by the road."

This, as she knew, meant an extra mile, and already she could hardly stand; but it was better than cows, so they started valiantly.

"I am so tired," she pleaded, after about five minutes, so he tried to carry her. He soon realised that that would not do.

"I say," he said, "there's the curate's cottage; we can have the marriage part, after all. Can you walk? It's only two minutes."

Wearily they crawled up to the door and knocked. There was a light in the window. The curate, in his shirt-sleeves, was in the throes of one of those perorations which stir the society of country villages to its depths without waking those who prefer to sleep.

He opened the door, and, looking out, saw nothing. A voice from the ground at his feet said, "Holy friar, we need thy aid."

He looked down. "What on earth—!" he exclaimed, and seized Romeo by the shoulder. "Oh, it's you, you ruffian! What in the name of anything are you doing here?"

"This fair maid," said Romeo, with dignity, "is my promised bride; we command thee to unite us forsooth."

"Indeed!" said the curate, as he stepped out and picked up Juliet, who was in a heap on the ground. "Do you mean that you've eloped?"

"We command thee," said Romeo, "to unite us without further words. Here is my purse."

"Oh!" said the curate, "and what does the lady say?"

Juliet, lying in his arms, opened her eyes and said, sleepily, "Yes, we've arranged to be married, please, at once."

"Oh!" said the curate; "come in, come in, if that's the case." He took them into his study. "Well, you're a fine couple!"

Romeo was indignant. "We would have no further parley."

"No, I understand that. But, you see, I can't marry you without more information."

He laid Juliet on the sofa and covered her up.

"Now, young man," said the curate, "your name and style?"

"Romeo," said the hero, folding his arms defiantly.

The curate raised his eyebrows.

"Surnamed 'Montague'?" he asked.

Romeo nodded, relieved of the task of pronouncing the word.

"And this," said the curate, "is Juliet?"

"How did you know?"

"I dined but lately with the Capulets, where I was much struck with the maiden's beauty; but this thou asketh is a gloomy deed, and I must first have her Papa's consent."

"Do you think," said Romeo, "that, if her father had consented, we should have come at this time?"

"I certainly do not," said the curate; "and, with all respect to you, I mean to take you back at once to your sorrowing relatives."

"Shan't go," said Romeo, sulkily. This was just what he had feared.

"Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy," said the curate, advancing. Romeo retired into a corner.

"It's nothing to do with you. You've only got to marry us."

"I may be able to do that later; say, in fifteen or twenty years."

"You promise?" said Romeo.

"If you haven't changed your mind. Meanwhile we march!"

He put on his coat and hat and went to the sofa.

"Shan't go," said Romeo again.

"Well, you can't stay here. You can sleep in the churchyard."

Romeo said nothing.

"Well," inquired the curate, taking Juliet in his arms, "'To be or not to be?'"

Romeo sullenly put his hands into his pockets.

"But that the fear of something after," eh?" asked the curate.

There was a riotous knock at the door as of people in a great hurry. The curate put Juliet down and went out, leaving Romeo to that remorse which is the lively anticipation of chastisement to come. The heads of the rival houses had met with a glare on the door-step.

"Good-evening," said the curate; "I was just coming round to see you. You will find what you are looking for in there."

They rushed in.

"Thank God!" said Juliet's father, taking up the sleeping bundle.

"Oh, you're here, you young—!" said Romeo's father, remembering himself in time. "What's the meaning of this? What are you doing running about the country at this time of night?"

"And what," asked Juliet's father loudly, "does your brat mean by enticing my child out and dragging her across the country and—?"

"You'll excuse me," said Romeo's father, "but I'll wager that your brat—as you've suggested the word—is responsible for this silly nonsense."

"I'll be much obliged," was the reply, "if you'll kindly give yours a good thrashing."

"I will do," said Romeo's father, "just exactly what I please."

"Well," said the other, turning, with Juliet in his arms, towards the door, "a thrashing is what he wants, and, if you don't feel equal to it, send him along to me."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said Romeo's father, out of simple cussedness, for he was well accustomed to treating his son sternly, and Romeo thanked heaven for a providential escape.

The consequence of all this was that Juliet awoke.

"Kenny," she asked, "are we married yet?"

Her father stopped. "What is the child talking about?"

"I think I can explain," said the curate, gently; "you have interrupted a romance."

"Romance be blown!" said Juliet's father.

"This," the curate went on, "was nothing more serious than an elopement. They came to me to be married."

"Aren't we married?" asked Juliet, disappointed.

"Who's been putting this nonsense into their heads?" said Romeo's father; but Romeo made no reply. Juliet determined to defend him.

"Please, Papa," she said, "it was because of you."

"Because of me?"

"Yes; in the book the two fathers had quarrelled about nothing, and they made it up because Romeo and Juliet got married and did the tomb part. So we thought," she faltered, "we thought—if we got married—and did the tomb part—you—you wouldn't wring the cows' necks."

Juliet's father looked at Romeo's father and Romeo's father looked at Juliet's father, and then, quickly, each looked the other way.

"Humph!" grunted Juliet's father, and turned to the door.

"Good-night," growled Romeo's father to the curate, and followed, with Romeo at his heels.

Their roads homewards lay together for two miles.

The solicitors of the rival houses lost a promising piece of litigation.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



INASMUCH as—if present arrangements hold—Miss Julia Neilson and her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, will produce their newly acquired play “For Sword or Song?” at the Shaftesbury to-night (Wednesday), methought it seemed fitting that I should give *Sketch* readers some account of this play. I have to announce that, according to the latest arrangements, this “poetical music-play” has been written

my fellow playgoers to discover in due course. However “For Sword or Song?” may turn out upon public performance, there are certain things which I can promise. Among these are a true poetic fancy in the writer, the poet Legge; a shrewd perception of dramatic construction on the part of the “maker,” Mr. Calvert; and much melodious and characteristic music from Mr. Roze for the mortals and the “immortals”—meaning the Spirit of Music and certain other lively Spirits that appear to infest those Carpathian quarters. If they really do hum around there in the fashion set forth in “For Sword or Song?” then that region would be quite a pleasant place wherein to spend a few days—or even more.

There is a good deal of talk about “Paradise” in this new “For Sword or Song?” play, and this reminds me that I, in a recent number of *The Sketch*, unwittingly did some injustice, so to speak, to Mr. Walter Stephens by omitting to mention his name as the adapter of the aforesaid Mr. Milton’s “Paradise Lost” in a paragraph which I wrote concerning that adaptation. I had, in a previous paragraph which I wrote on this subject some weeks before, mentioned Mr. Stephens as the “greatly daring” adapter of the epic which (as I *think* I then mentioned) Milton himself at one time essayed to dramatise. In my last memo., however, Mr. Stephens’s name was, by a slip of the pen, omitted, and when I found it out it was too late to rectify the error in our last issue. I may here, perhaps, be permitted to remind London and provincial playgoers that this dramatiser of “Paradise Lost” is also part-author of the successful farcical comedy, “Brown at Brighton,” which has had to arrange to shift from the Avenue on account of its landlord, Mr. Herbert Sleath, wanting that playhouse for the exploitation there, on or about Feb. 7, of his lately acquired American play-purchase, “The Adoption of Archibald.” Mr. Sleath will produce this play in connection with Mr. A. H. Canby, a very capable American impresario.

“Brown at Brighton” was to have migrated from the Avenue to Terry’s, but the last-named theatre has just been secured by Mr. Frederic A. Stanley, who has already removed thereto from the Shaftesbury Mrs. Hodgson Burnett’s sweet little fairy-play, “An Un-Fairy Princess.”



MISS MARIE GEORGE, PLAYING GRETCHEN IN “MOTHER GOOSE”
AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

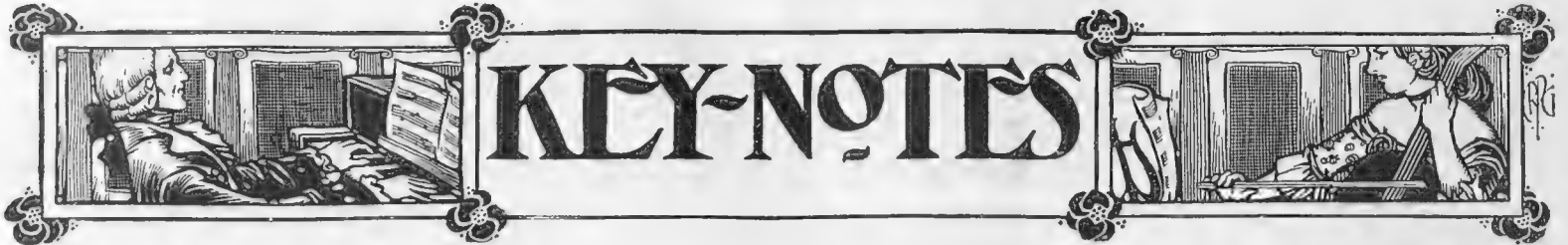
by Mr. Robert George Legge (who, as poet, shows many good “feet”), “made”—which doubtless means welded together—by Mr. Louis Calvert, and musick’d (as John Milton might say) by Mr. Raymond Roze, who is, if I mistake not, the son of the sometime sweet operatic singer, Madame Marie Roze. Mr. Legge was long the business-manager and literary adviser of Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Calvert is, of course, the well-known touring and suburban manager and stage-manager, a son of the late wonderful Shaksperian “producer,” Mr. Charles Calvert, of Manchester, and of the happily still-surviving fine actress, Mrs. Charles Calvert. This truly humorous lady was in childhood’s playgoing days Miss Annie Biddle, daughter of the then manager of the now defunct little “blood-and-thunder” playhouse, the “Bower” Saloon in Stangate, just off the Lower Marsh, Lambeth, the theatre which poor Tom Robertson called in “Caste” the Little Theatre in Stangate.

I do not propose to tell you *all* that takes place in “For Sword or Song?” although I know, having, not to put too fine a point upon it, read the play and sampled its snatches of melodious and often most mysterious music. I may, however, notify those who honour me by perusing these mems that Miss Neilson will this time play her husband’s son—that is, she will enact a poetical young Hungarian Count Vladimir, son of a very anti-poetic Count Tivadar. Tivadar, finding that Vladimir fritters away his time in wooing the Muses of Poesy and Song instead of going in for Politics and Slaughter, casts the young Count off to wander with a tribe of local Gipsies through the world—or rather, in and around the Carpathian part thereof. How Vladimir fares with the Tzigane “chals,” how he falls in love with a supposed Romany damsel who is really the long-lost daughter of Vladimir’s father’s ancient neighbour and enemy, and what happens to the long-terrible Tivadar when he emulates the late Walt Whitman and resolves to “take to the Open Road,” I leave for



MISS MARION DRAUGHN AS THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES IN
“WATER-BABIES,” AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



IT is a comical sort of thing to observe the antics of the critic upon the critics; of course, we all have sufficient sense of humour to know that our own point of view must necessarily be far and away ahead of any other point of view, so far as originality, thoughtfulness, and decision of language are concerned. Lest anyone should hasten to take these words very seriously to heart, let it be said at once that they are provoked out of a full sense of despair after the perusal of one Mr. Ernest Newman's contribution to an American weekly paper on the English criticisms which have been delivered in connection with the production at the Queen's Hall of Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben."

Mr. Newman, whom one recognises for the first time in the capacity of judge, discusses the English Press as though he had just received a special Garter created for him in the capacity of Censor-General. It is delightful to note the difference between a man's self-chosen office and one which is put upon him by authority. Why Mr. Newman should consider himself peculiarly fitted to indulge in a small work of what may be called comparative critical anatomy, on what grounds he places himself upon the level of any critic of any well-known paper, it would seem to be almost superfluous to inquire; he may be assured for the moment, however, that there is nothing easier in the world than the making of futile comparisons; the difficulty is to realise a personal point of view, and it is sad to have to conclude this small summary with a distinct word of disappreciation for the helpless little paragraph in which Mr. Newman apparently sums up his own opinions of "Ein Heldenleben." "Oh, Geordie, jingling Geordie," said James I. in Scott's inimitable "Fortunes of

Nigel," "it was fine to hear Baby Charles lecturing on the guilt of dissimulation and Steenie holding forth on the turpitude of incontinence." The quotation is an apt one if only it be applied properly.

One has an unhappy feeling that with each successive concert at the St. James's Hall, one is, as it were, ticking off a milestone that brings a great tradition towards its end. Nevertheless, the fifth Popular Concert of the present season given by the Kruse Quartet seemed to keep us well within the excellent records for which those entertainments have been for so long rightly appreciated. Schumann's Quintet for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello was wonderfully played by Professor Kruse, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. A. E. Féir, Mr. Herbert Walenn, and Mr. Harold Bauer; rarely, indeed, has one encountered playing so responsible and at the same time so exquisite. Beethoven's Quartet in D Major (Op. 18, No. 3) was wonderfully inter-

ever paramount), that these Variations, apart from their undoubted quality of musicianship, greatly lack first-hand inspiration; it was, indeed, a little sad to note that so much good talent as Mr. Bauer displayed was wasted on so arid a musical desert.

Miss Marie Brema was the vocalist of the concert, and sang Schumann's Song-Cycle, "Frauen Liebe und Leben," with something even more than mere intelligence—with a touch, that is, of an intellectual quality. The songs are, of course, an artistic triumph in their way; for in them Schumann, that prince of song-writers, stood quite at the summit of his own achievement; but to fail in them means much more of a failure than if one were to fall short in something of a mere ballad order of song. Miss Brema, however, made no such failure; her keen vocal enthusiasm and her deep perception of Schumann's poetical meaning gave one true artistic pleasure to note. Through in everything she undertakes, Miss Brema on this occasion added to that thoroughness a poetical quality of a rare order indeed.



MR. RICHARD GREEN AS CAPTAIN ROMNEY
IN "MY LADY MOLLY."

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

COMMON CHORD.

Mr. Richard Green has been making a great success in the provinces as the dashing young hero beloved of "My Lady Molly." With his handsome presence, fine voice, and wonderful energy, Mr. Green should go far.

If Madame Calvé is, as reported, engaged to be married to the famous French writer on black magic, Jules Bois, the fact may indeed rank as an important operatic engagement. Madame Calvé is too well known to require any description; not so her remarkable fiancé. And yet M. Bois has more than once visited this country, and, if he is to be believed, black magic, not mere spiritualism, is rampant in our midst. It is said to have been with his help that Huysmans wrote his extraordinary book, "Là-Bas"; in any case, what he does not know about Satanism and the black art is not worth knowing, and in marrying him Madame Calvé should secure a splendid Mascot. The news of the engagement was published in Paris some days ago.

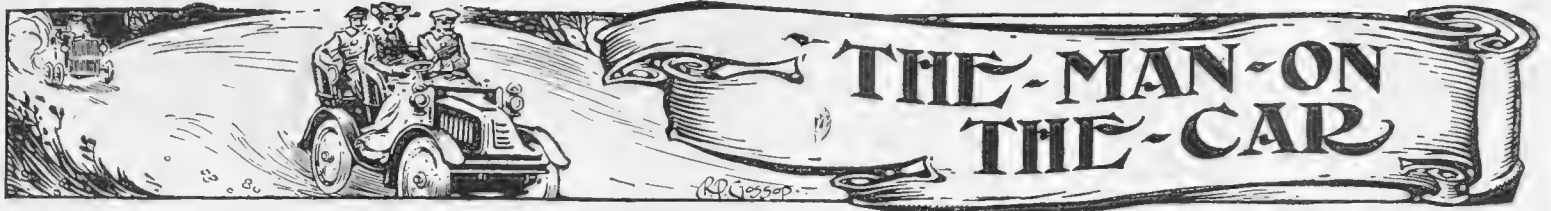
Mr. Henry J. Wood, our most distinguished conductor, was born in London in 1870. Possessed of personal magnetism, a vast knowledge of the technique and detail of a score, and poetical instinct in a marked degree, he has completely transformed musical taste as regards orchestral music in London. Succinctly, his musical life may be set down as follows: At the age of six he was able to play Haydn, Mozart, and Bach, at ten was appointed organist at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, in the City of London, and in 1888 was appointed deputy organist at St. Sepulchre's, Holborn. He entered as a student at the Royal Academy, and there studied the organ, composition, the piano, and singing, but only for six terms. After various engagements as a conductor, Signor Lago secured Mr. Wood's services for his opera season at the Olympic Theatre. This engagement is notable for the fact that Mr. Wood introduced to London Tchaikowsky's famous opera, "Eugene Onegin," and further, that this was his first introduction to Russian music. Then followed a period of teaching singing, which led up to a visit to Bayreuth in 1894, where Mr. Wood met Felix Mottl and returned to London as musical adviser to the Mottl-Wagner Concerts. In the summer of 1895 he commenced work at the Queen's Hall. What that work has been is so fresh in the minds of music-lovers, and so well known to the public generally, that it is not necessary to repeat it here.



MADAME CALVÉ.

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

preted; and a word must be added in connection with Mr. Bauer's playing of Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Handel. One says it a little reluctantly (and yet the necessity for boldly stating the truth is



The Motor Shows—The Gordon Bennett Race—Motor-Cycles—Ignorance in Motor Matters—Baron Henri de Rothschild.

WITH motor sections at the Stanley and National Cycle Shows last November, and two exhibitions entirely devoted to motor vehicles—one at the Crystal Palace at the end of this month and the other at the Agricultural Hall next March—one would scarcely have thought that there was room for yet another display; but so enormously has the motor industry developed that the new-comer, the Stanley Automobile Exhibition which opened at Earl's Court on Friday, drew sufficient exhibitors to fill the Ducal Hall and the Queen's Palace.

The Mercédès influence, which was so marked at the Paris Salon, is not prominent at Earl's Court. True, on some of the French cars, such as the Clément and new-type Peugeot, the unmistakable honey-comb radiator and stiff-looking bonnet are to be seen, but this rushing headlong after Dame Fashion has not extended to English firms. Only in the case of the Velox, a comparatively new car, is there any tendency to copy the famous Cannstatt firm; but here the copying is confined to outward appearance, for the radiators are on the same principle as the English-built Argyll. A valuable feature of this exhibition is that trial runs can be made in the adjoining grounds, a distinct advantage to those who go with a view to purchase and not merely as lookers-on.

Our hopes for the Gordon Bennett race are alternately buoyed up and crushed. First, we congratulated ourselves on finding a suitable course in Ireland; but the French Club refused to race on a circular course which was under the regulation distance: so jaws fell and everyone was glum. Then, however, Mr. C. Johnson, the Secretary of the Automobile Club, was sent over to see if he could possibly extend the course so as to bring it up to the required length. This was managed, but Mr. Johnson seemed none too hopeful of high speeds being maintained on such roads as he had encountered. The latest news is that Mr. S. F. Edge, who won the contest last year, and who by so doing became the first challenger to wrest the Cup from France, pronounces the course quite satisfactory. The sole remaining difficulty, therefore, is to gain permission from the authorities; but there is a general opinion that this will not be so great as would at first sight appear, so that our hopes, at the present moment, are in the ascendant. How long they will be so remains to be seen.

The motor-cycle was like a babe that did not know its mother. Was it the offspring of the motor-car or the cycle pure and simple? For three years it has been hesitating as to which was its parent, and it has ended in the mother recognising the child, for the Automobile Club, which formerly had bestowed nearly all its attention on cars, has at length decided to take up the control of motor-cycle competitions and to foster this branch of the movement in every possible way. A meeting was held at the Club-rooms on Wednesday, when a special secretary, in the person of Mr. F. Straight, so long connected with the National Cyclists' Union, was appointed to look after motor-cycle matters alone. It was also decided to hold a trial similar to, but quite distinct from, the car trials which will take place in the autumn. The daily journeys will be upwards of a hundred miles, and the total distance covered over a thousand miles. The competition is to be largely in the interests of the roadster machine, and, with this in view, there will be a limit as to the power of the engines. So far as this is concerned, there is nothing definitely settled, but it is pretty safe to say that it will not be above three horse-power.

How many years will it be before "The Man in the Street" understands as much about the motor-car as he now does about the bicycle? An incident I witnessed in the street the other day was a striking example of the appalling ignorance in motor matters of the vast majority. A big car drew up at the kerb, and the usual crowd collected. The driver alighted, leaving the engine running. The mechanic assumed the driver's seat and fiddled with the taps for a moment or two, and, very shortly after, a series of terrific explosions took place, frightening the onlookers to such an extent that before you could say "Jack Robinson" there wasn't a man to be seen.

Had those folk an elementary knowledge of motors, they would have known that it was nothing more than unfired charges exploding in the exhaust-box; but they did not know it, and one man, at least, paid the penalty of his ignorance. He made off at such a terrific pace that Providence found it necessary to cool his undue excitement by means of a mud-heap.

Extremely interesting was the paper read by Baron Henri de Rothschild before the Automobile Club. The title, "Seven Years of Automobilmism," if chosen by an everyday motorist, would rouse but little enthusiasm, but, since it dealt with the experiences of such a skilful and popular chauffeur as Baron Henri de Rothschild, the place was naturally packed. The paper was marked by an absence of technical references. It was purely an entertaining, and in places humorous, account of his driving experiences.

His first venture was in 1896, when he took the helm of a friend's six horse-power Peugeot. On the first steep descent he had serious complications with a cart, and finished that journey in a horse-drawn carriage, in a cut and bruised state and with his clothes in tatters. Later in the same year, a one horse-power De Dion tricycle and a six horse-power Panhard were purchased. These brought more exciting episodes, in which ditches played a prominent part, until the purchase of the first German Daimler in 1899. He has since pinned his faith to this firm, and it is an open secret that many

of the improvements which have been adopted on the modern Mercédès have originated with Baron Henri de Rothschild.



A PATENT NON-SKIDDING TYRE.

A PATENT NON-SKIDDING TYRE

Side-slip has always been the greatest terror of the timid motorist, and to even the bolder chauffeurs it was a cause of not infrequent mishap, and hence to be dreaded. Motorists generally will therefore welcome the invention of a simple yet ingenious contrivance which does away with all fear of accident from this cause. The Parsons Non-Skidders have, without doubt, come to stay, and fitted with these, motor car or motor-cycle can negotiate the greasiest road with safety, while tramway-lines and other dangerous surfaces present no terror. The device consists of two flexible wire hoops, connected together by steel chains passing zigzag from one to the other around the tyre. The hoop on the inside of the wheel is endless, whilst the hoop outside has right-hand and left-hand couplings, which afford means for adjusting the non-skidder nicely to the wheel. The weight is a mere nothing, and resilience is not affected in the slightest degree. His Majesty has had the new invention fitted both to the pneumatic tyres of one of his cars and also to the solid tyres of his Daimler. A strong syndicate is being formed to take in hand these non-skidders.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ascot—Improvements—Breeding Horses—Mr. Sievier.

IT is expected that Ascot this year will be a very big function, as large entries have been received for the majority of the events.

The Gold Cup will, of course, be the race of the meeting. Last year there were fifty-seven entries, but this year only thirty-seven horses have been engaged. William the Third, last year's winner, is very likely to again run well, and Osboch, who is said to be sound once more, will be a dangerous candidate. Sceptre, Ard Patrick, and Rising Glass would each have a following if started, and it is said the American colt, Acefull, is very likely to develop into a stayer, but I could not fancy Smilax, Caravel, or John Peel for this race. Elba, Prince Florizel, and Lavengro are among the entries; the last-named is a difficult horse to train, but he is a good one. Bachelor's Button, who holds the time record for the mile, has been nominated. This horse was given to me by an Irish tout last spring as a certainty for any race he ran for in England. Of course, I was on him when he lost and off him when he won. He is not class enough for the Ascot race. La Camargo is a fine stayer, and she may be the best of the French lot. This mare was clearly amiss when she ran at Ascot last year. M. de Brémond enters Maximum II., who was one of the best three-year-olds in France last year, and M. Ephrussi has a dangerous candidate in Alençon. If I were called upon to tip for the race right off, I should go solid for William the Third, who is one of the best-shaped stayers I have ever seen.

I am very glad to hear that the Sandown Managers are about to put their house in order. A new and handsome Grand Stand is to be built forthwith, and other improvements are to be made to the rings and to the racing-tracks. I do hope some improvement will be made at the starting-post on the five-furlong track. I do not think spectators would object if the winning-post were removed fifty yards higher up, to give more room at the starting-post. At present, the horses are actually backed up close to a wooden partition surrounding the Park boundary, and the remedy cannot, unfortunately, come from the starting end, as the main Portsmouth road runs parallel with the boundary, and, of course, could not be crossed, although a highway actually is stopped and crossed when races are run over the straight mile at Hurst Park. This, however, would be too much to expect where a main road was concerned.

The death of Bend Or, one of the most famous sires of the century, recalls attention to the wonderful shrewdness of the late Duke of Westminster, who made the breeding of racehorses a great success. It is a matter for congratulation that those gentlemen who breed horses to run themselves have done much better than the owners of breeding studs who cater for the sale-ring. His Majesty the King has bred some good racehorses at Sandringham, and, according to all accounts, R. Marsh will have some of the best two-year-olds running this season that he has had under his charge for some time from the Royal stud. Sir J. Blundell Maple has some promising young horses of his own breeding, and so has the Duke of Devonshire. The youngsters sent from the Eaton stud to Kingsclere are a very fine lot, and I am told John Porter hopes to pick up several of the best two-year-old races for the Duke of Westminster. His Grace has met with but

indifferent luck up to now; but a change is certain to come sooner or later, as all the young horses owned by him are bred on the right lines. The Duke of Portland always has been a lucky owner, but he has always bred his own thoroughbreds. It is a pity that his Grace should have taken so little interest in racing during the last two or three years.

The popular owner of Sceptre has been telling the world all about his champion filly, and Mr. Sievier certainly has spoken some plain truths about the trainer's art. Mr. Sievier is, on his own showing, a practical man. Directly he found that Sceptre required special treatment, he set himself to apply it. The mare is a glutton for work. She thrives on it, but does not clean up her manger when she has been resting. I am one of the very few who believe that Sceptre should have won every race she ran for in 1902, and, without a doubt, she would have cleared the board had Mr. Sievier only found out her little weaknesses prior to the opening of the flat-racing season. But all's well that ends well, and Sceptre ran up a very useful list of successes, and it is pleasing to know that, in the opinion of her owner, the mare was never better than she is at the present time. Now the question arises, How many races would Sceptre have won in 1902 had she been trained in one of the big stables along with, say, sixty horses? I really do not think she would have scored in a single race. The moral of it all is that the trainer with a very few horses under his charge is better able to succeed than the man who has to superintend the work of fifty or sixty animals. I expect Sceptre would have been left to take her chance with the rest had she been in a big stable. Then she would have been dubbed a "shy feeder," and would have been referred to as being "unreliable" and "shifty."

CAPTAIN COE.



THE BICESTER FOXHOUNDS.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

THE BICESTER FOXHOUNDS.

This famous pack hunts a country of long and irregular shape lying in Oxfordshire, Bucks, and Northamptonshire. At its northern end it adjoins the Pytchley territory, on the north-west the North Warwickshire, and on the west the Warwickshire and Heythrop, while on the south the South Oxfordshire, on the south-east the Old Berkeley (West), and on the east the Whaddon Chase and the Grafton countries are situated. The Bicester country, owing to its large proportion of pasture, offers fine opportunities for a rattling gallop, and in the Vale of Aylesbury are doubles and numerous brooks which need a good jumper to negotiate. In its earlier times, Masters held their positions longer than is customary nowadays, for it is recorded that Sir Thomas Mostyn officiated from 1800 till 1829, and from that date Mr. Drake was Master for twenty-two years. Viscount Valentia, Lord Chesham, and the Earl of Cottenham have been among the Bicester's most distinguished later Masters, and the pack, of some fifty-two couples, is now under the direction of Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, of Stratton Audley. The best centres from which to hunt are Bicester, Banbury, Brackley, and Buckingham.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AN amusing fact in connection with the great doings at Delhi is that people seem to have tired of the smoothness with which one spectacle trod on the heels of another, and one reads that, at the last, any hitch would have been gratefully received as a "diversion" from the monotonous perfection with which official

consolidated rainbow. Nevertheless, I hear some genius in the Rue de la Paix has sent the fiat forth, and that Indian shawls and fabrics are being requisitioned in bulk, while the semi-barbaric jewellery of the gorgeous East is also being bought up by globe-trotters at the bazaars with avidity.

Events succeed each other with such celerity nowadays and circumstances jostle one another aside with so much unseemly haste that it is sometimes necessary to remind oneself and others of certain facts which run the risk of being otherwise forgotten. In the glamour thrown around the receptive popular imagination, for instance, by Mr. Chamberlain's series of banquets and junketings in South Africa, "the man who paid," otherwise Mr. Thomas Atkins and all his late laborious works, runs considerable risk of oblivion. Twenty thousand unemployed Reservists pace the pavements of this and other towns, we are told, while a fostering and grateful Government looks blankly on. To remedy, at least in part, this state of things, benevolent souls give an odd ball or, perhaps, get up an occasional concert.

But such relief as this is necessarily spasmodic. To one excellent organisation, however, both praise and help are due, and that is the Soldiers and Sailors' Labour Brigade, which has just been established at 8, Symons Street, Sloane Square, for the good purpose of giving direct employment to soldiers and sailors—retired, pensioned, or Reservists—provided their characters are of proved excellence. Places are found for reliable men free of cost, and such temporary employment as whitewashing, house-painting, knife-cleaning, waiting at table, valeting, window-cleaning, and a thousand other small, useful



AN OPERA-CLOAK OF CLASSIC DESIGN.

[Copyright.]

scene-shifters arranged their tableaux. But, if public arrangements went forward to the close with becoming pomp and circumstance, the same cannot be correctly chronicled of private happenings, where the usual by-play of comedy and tragedy went on gaily or grimly, as is their wont. Many were the wailings and weepings over "the clothes that failed" at Brindisi, as well as the comfortable reflections of those who took *couturières* by the forelock and saw their finery in the hold before leaving port. Lady Curzon was one of those who left nothing to chance. Mrs. Leiter brought her daughter's frocks and furbelows well in advance, like the far-seeing woman she is reputed to be. All seem to agree, by the way, that blue is Lady Curzon's especial colour. It agrees with those dark-blue eyes which, in common with deep-brown wavy hair, she inherits from the Irish emigrants who were her forbears on one side.

Innumerable engagements are reported as the result of the Indian exodus, and the Season should be a notably marrying one. I have already seen one cable delightfully to the point, with the cabalistic sentence, "Brought it off—Edith," from which Edith's family augur cheerfully, being doubtless aware of her resourcefulness.

Another hint of other things to be is that everything Indian in the matter of clothes and Oriental combinations of colour will be vigorously in vogue next Season. The prospect is rather an oppressive one. For, however intrinsically beautiful a parroquet or orange cockatoo, we can hardly face a close reproduction of their tints without reflecting that Oriental glades and groves would be a more suitable environment than London pavements in June to so much



A WALKING-DRESS WITH A NEW MOTIF

[Copyright.]

"jobs" are undertaken by the Labour Brigade at such small daily and hourly charges as to put ordinary commercial rates quite out of court. Added to security and economy is the practical benevolence which the house-mistress may indulge in by employing the Brigade. Still

further particulars may be obtained of the Honorary Secretary, Captain Cayley Webster, at 8, Symons' Street, to whose working the initiation of this most practical enterprise is mainly due. It should be further added that men-servants of high character are provided at the small fee of five shillings.

A propos des bolles, it may not be irrelevant to mention, in view of the scarifying north-easters that prevail and the deplorable condition of complexion ensuing; that a particular unguent yclept "Crème Simon," obtainable at any chemist's, is a certain softener of the skin, which yields to its healing influence in a manner very marvellous and satisfactory to the owner thereof. "Crème Simon" is readily obtainable, inexpensive, and very efficacious. In east wind it is a Heaven-sent luxury. Can an emollient be more? SYBIL.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH'S NEW SKETCH.

Mr. George Grossmith is always to be reckoned upon for the display of a sense of genuinely fresh humour. At the present moment he practically in his own person represents the Society entertainer, as Mr. Corney Grain in his own day represented the same class of artist. It is no wonder, indeed, that Mr. Grossmith reaps real success from the career which he has chosen for himself, because he combines a really intelligent outlook upon Society with a power of expressing that outlook that is very separate, very personal, very individual. It may be complained about Mr. Grossmith that he is sometimes inclined to take too bitter an attitude towards the Society which he satirises; but when that criticism has been made, one still feels that the last word rests with him, and that, if he has created his own public, it is for him to decide what that public is likely to enjoy. Certainly, his sketch of modern "Affectations" has so much of his own personality in it as to be peculiarly individual, and, therefore, attractive from that point of view. Mr. Grossmith's public naturally enjoys his sallies, and, indeed, it would be a curmudgeon sort of public that did not care for a satirist so genial, a humorist so free from unkindness, a musician so frankly appealing to the average sense of musical humour.

Continental travellers will be glad to learn that the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean and Eastern of France Companies have, on the urgent representation of the London, Brighton, and South Coast and South-Eastern and Chatham Railways, agreed to continue the issue of the greater portion of the Italian circular tickets which visitors to the Riviera and Italy have hitherto found so convenient, and which it had been announced would be withdrawn this season.

The hotels on the Riviera are already being well booked up, and there is every indication of a prosperous season. The hotel-keepers and others interested in the health and pleasure resorts along the Riviera, who have been disappointed during the last two or three seasons, are likely to enjoy a good year's prosperity. Much has been done during recent years to improve the amenities of these resorts and increase their attractiveness to seekers after health and pleasure. Among the recent visitors to the well-known Hôtel Métropole, Monte Carlo, may be mentioned Lord Northland, Lord Howard de Walden, Lady Martin, Sir Roper Lethbridge, Mr. Harold Harmsworth, Colonel Webb, M.P., Sir John Jenkins, Sir Joseph Leigh, M.P., and Mr. and Mrs. G. Lawson Johnston. The palatial building facing the calm Mediterranean in the general view of Monte Carlo reproduced is the famous Casino, theatre, reading-room, &c. The main entrance from the town is towards the right. The view from the distance somewhat dwarfs the gardens of the Casino, which are on the left of the building, between it and the Hôtel Métropole, the large, flat-roofed building with two turrets.



MONTE CARLO: HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE AND CASINO FROM LA TURBIE ROAD.

"THE MILLINER DUCHESS," AT THE EMPIRE.

THE Empire Management has presented a very bright successor to "Our Crown." For a time, at least, it is well to get away from flag-waving and National Anthems; the purest pleasures are apt to pall. In "The Milliner Duchess" we find a very mirthful, light-hearted story that owes something to all the successful pieces now running in town under the complete or partial control of Mr. George Edwardes. In the matter of music, a very important feature of every ballet, the indebtedness is all too obvious: M. Leopold Wenzel has not been called upon to do more than string together the pretty, commonplace ditties that charm the careless ear in the latest musical comedies. The Empire composer's brilliant gifts are not utilised at all, and in this neglect to realise their own resources the directors do themselves and their public an injustice. Even the ardent lover of light music cannot live by "The Miller's Daughter" and kindred compositions alone. M. Wenzel's natural talents are supplemented by a measure of musical scholarship of which the ephemeral ditties he has been compelled to string together are woefully destitute.

Apart from this matter, there is nothing but praise for "The Milliner Duchess." To be sure, high heels have replaced the flat shoes of the dancing-girls; even Mdlle. Genée has more use for her heels than her toes, but what effective use it is! Since Signorina Legnani discarded the *première's* skirts in the ballet of "Don Juan" and made us forget Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind, there has been no dancer before the London public so thoroughly at ease in every department of her work or so highly gifted with the instinct for comedy. Apart from her work, which it would be difficult to overpraise, there is not much solo-dancing, but attention must be drawn to the work of Mdlle. Cora, who has found the most becoming costume she has worn since the nights of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and to the work of Mdlle. Papucci, who joins Mdlle. Cora in a very charming Spanish dance. Mdlles. May Paston, Ada Vincent, and Minnie Ford have been most fortunate in their treatment at the hands of Wilhelm; their photographs will be in great demand. Of Madame Katti Lanner it is only necessary to say that her work is as interesting as ever; she never seems at a loss to place the forces at her disposal to the best advantage. I sometimes think she would have made a successful General had she been born a man and given to the army the talent she has devoted to the stage. So far as Wilhelm is concerned, I am tired of praising him; he has exhausted my superlatives and enthusiasm, but his own fancy is inexhaustible; he goes from strength to strength; his work has the gift of perennial freshness. If the Empire cannot give us more of the old-time dramatic and spectacular ballets that made it the most successful house in London, it must be confessed that productions like "The Milliner Duchess" are a very pleasing substitute. S. L. B.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT FULHAM.

Mr. A. F. Henderson's sixth annual pantomime is one of the best produced at that pretty theatre, the Grand. When it is said that Mr. Oscar Barrett is responsible both for the production and music, this will readily be understood. Two clever little ladies, Miss Jessie Yatman and Miss Marie Löhr, impersonate Dick and Dorothy, "the Babes," Miss Millie Hylton acts and sings with great effect as Robin Hood, and Miss Lydia Flopp is a dainty and sweet-voiced Maid Marian. Mr. Edwin J. Brett, the Baron Graball, sings his songs remarkably well, and is a genial scoundrel of the type familiar in pantomimes. Indeed, the Company all round is a good one, and the various scenes are exceedingly effective, especially "Dreamland," which is tasteful and artistic to a degree not often met with out of the West-End. A popular feature at matinées of "The Babes" is a children's "Lucky Tub," provided for youthful occupants of reserved seats, to whom the interval between the Acts is certainly not the least pleasurable part of a delightful entertainment.

A new magazine will shortly be started by a well-known firm, entirely devoted to the subject of animals. A very spirited start is certain, but will it be easy to maintain such a periodical?

Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's new play, "The Altar of Friendship," written for production in America, has been brought to London for almost immediate production.

In view of the interesting discussion which has been going on in connection with the merits and demerits of pure malt and blended whiskies, the man who pins his faith to "Scotch" will turn gratefully to Greer's "O. V. H.," a selection of the best Highland whiskies in perfect combination and condition, or to the fifteen-year-old "Imperial Liqueur," a luxury which even the most fastidious connoisseur must appreciate.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 27.

THE MARKETS.

ON the whole, the last week has been a fairly good one for the Stock Markets. The Bank Return showed still further improvement, and Mr. Chamberlain's supposed settlement with the Transvaal authorities as to the War contribution helped the Kaffir position considerably, while the clearing up of the Rowe speculations has made things almost cheerful in the West Australian corner. The improvement in Sons of Gwalia is most marked now that the cause of the persistent fall in the price has been discovered. For months the returns have been satisfactory, but the way the price kept dropping was a complete puzzle, especially to those who had what they thought was inside information; now, however, that it is known that Rowe was all the time selling the shares belonging to the Great Fingall Company (a block of about twenty thousand, we believe) and delivering to provide ready cash for his other gambles, the whole mystery is explained, and, with this incubus lifted from the market, the shares should go to their proper value, which appears to us to be about 35s. each.

In the market the great talk has been of the proposed new rule as to brokers dealing without the intervention of a jobber, and the general opinion appears to be that the proposal providing for any sale or purchase made by a broker to or from a non-member (that is, to or from someone other than a jobber) to be notified on the contract, and that, if the broker is getting a commission from both buyer and seller, this must also be notified, is a fair compromise of the conflicting claims of the two classes of members. The jobbers are in the majority, so that the instinct of self-preservation compelled the Committee to do something. The unemployed scare which the jobbers endeavoured to get up is amusingly shown in the illustration which we this week reproduce from the last "House Annual," by kind permission of the Editor. It is the work of Mr. George Hasler, and his sole contribution to the book; next year we hope he will be represented by a larger number, to the great benefit of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund, to which the proceeds of the "Annual" are devoted.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied The Jobber.

"Shouldn't wonder what?" asked The Engineer.

"If the Bank Rate does go down."

"What has that to do with your market?"

"Kaffirs would respond to an improvement in the financial situation even as would Consols," was the lofty answer.

"When are we going to have the Kaffir boom? That's what I want to know," The Engineer emphatically said.

"If I knew, then would I tell you," returned The Jobber, who had been to Drury Lane the night before. "But, unfortunately, I don't, and that is why I travel up and down to the chilly City every day, on the off-chance of picking up 'turns.'"

"There will be no Kaffir boom this year," laid down The Broker, with an air of authority.

"Why not?"

"The public are at present too cautious. They know more than they used about mining matters: they know much more than the amateur financial writers who run our daily papers, and they —"

"Know nearly as much as the Stock Exchange itself does!" concluded The City Editor, speaking with some heat.

"Quite so," replied The Broker, with a graceful gesture. "But pray do not imagine I meant to be personal. The pity of it is that the public, knowing so much more than their papers can tell them in the way of tips, have not the same extensive range of knowledge as the House."

"Hear, hear!" came from The Jobber. "If you people only knew as well as we do that Kaffirs will go better in time, you'd all come tumbling in to take our shares off our hands, and then —"

"Are Henderson's Estates any good?" put in The Merchant, getting tired of the discussion.

"Now we're talking," said The Jobber, with approval. "I bought Hendys myself at about thirty-five shillings, and I mean to see a ten-shilling profit, anyway."

"Then they should be worth buying now."

"If anything is worth buying in the Kaffir Market—and, of course, everything is—Henderson's are in the first row," said The Jobber.

"I had what you youngsters call a 'flutter,' the other day," quoth The Banker.

"Your smile tells us which way the wind's been blowing since," The Merchant hazarded. "May we ask what the stock was?"

"Zambezas. I bought them at a little under 5, and now they show quite a substantial increment in value."

The others sighed.

"Is there any more rise left in them, do you think, sir?" asked The Jobber, quite respectfully.

"I have no present intention of effecting a sale," was the answer.

"But, of course, I may be very much misled in the information which causes me to think the price will soon advance to seven pounds, or somewhere near that quotation."

"Who is in the Westralian boom?" inquired The Engineer, suddenly.

"I was in the last one." The Broker did not speak at all happily.

"Still got your shares, I suppose?"

"Lake Views at 16—yes. To say nothing of Globes and British Americas."

"You should buy a few Westralians now, to average," advised The City Editor.

"Have you done it yourself?" The Broker wanted to know.

"I never speculate."

"We all know that. I mean to say, have you invested any money lately in West Australian Mining shares?"

"Haven't got any money to invest," returned the other, moodily, "else, perhaps, I might."

"Then it's a good thing that you haven't got the cash, because, if you had and put it into Westralians, you'd only lose it and write pessimistic articles for the rest of your unnatural life," said his mentor.

"Leave Westralia alone," was The Engineer's counsel. "Much better buy Gold Coast Amalgamated shares."

"Amals!" exclaimed The Broker, as though surprised. "Why not Wassau?"

"Because the Amalgamated has over twelve times the extent of property that the Wassau's got; all on the same reef, too. And, of course, it holds a large number of Wassau shares. I tell you, Amalgamateds are the pick of the Jungle."

"Maybe, maybe," and The Merchant nodded his head. "But

a friend of mine put me into Ashanti Auxiliary shares the other day, and told me to snap half-a-crown a share profit as soon as I saw it."

"That's the Ashanti Gold Fields baby, isn't it?"

"The latest of the tribe. Of course, you buy them for the Special Settlement. I don't think they're at all a bad spec."

The Broker was booking orders in various things all round, and The Jobber eyed him darkly.

"What do you credit me on this little deal, Brokie?" he demanded.

"A sixty-fourth on fifty shares, if you like," returned the other, gaily. "Have it now?" and he held out half-a-sovereign.

"That's something towards it, anyway"; but he was not quick enough in his grab.

"I hear there's going to be a ring in diamonds," he said, after the conversation had ranged over the usual variety of subjects culled from the morning papers.

"De Beers are bound to go better, anyway," and The Broker became keenly interested.

"I've got a diamond ring myself," went on The Jobber, carelessly, taking it from his finger, "and half-a-sovereign will barely go through it."

"You can pay me the rest at lunch, Brokie," was The Jobber's last observation as he leapt lightly on to the platform with the half-sovereign in his hand.



THE LAST OF THE JOBBERS, OWING TO THE DOUBLE COMMISSION.

Reproduced by permission from "The House Annual."

TUBE TOPICS: CITY AND SOUTH LONDON.

Home Railway dividends are now beginning to make their appearance, but up to the present there has been very little active change in prices caused by the announcements of the Companies. In the Heavy department the bulls are already faint-heartedly reducing their earlier anticipations as to what may be expected, but it may be said that not for many years have the Directors' statements been looked for with so much earnest interest as they are at the present time. First of all to enter the list this month was the little City and South London, whose record achievement in the shape of a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend came as a refreshing precursor to the general list. In consequence of this dividend, City Ordinary stock has again risen a point or two, and at the current quotation a yield of about $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. is obtainable on the stock. This is encouraging enough, but the buyer has to remember that the trams in South London will soon be in active competition, and, after all, it is doubtful whether City Ordinary is worth much more than the present price. On the other hand, the Company's 1901 Preference stock forms a capital investment of its kind, paying at the present level nearly 4 per cent. to the purchaser, and therefore possessing a good probability of going better.

OTHER TUBES.

On Waterloo and City the usual 3 per cent. will, no doubt, be paid, and, at the time of writing, the experts are "going for" 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all the Central London stocks. The dividend may, perhaps, be declared before these lines are in the reader's eye. Great Northern and City Preferred Ordinary have been written up very bullishly of late, for reasons possibly not unconnected with the opening of the line, but it is difficult to work up any enthusiasm over these £10 fully paid shares standing at 8, for there are any amount of them on tap; although, as a speculative investment, there are many worse. That the mono-rail scheme to Brighton should be again shelved will surprise nobody who has followed the course of the project with any care, and a similar fate will, we imagine, overtake that other idea of running cheap trains to London-by-the-Sea in half-an-hour or so. Of a very different class is the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway, in regard to which Messrs. Speyer Brothers are issuing a couple of million sterling in 4 per cent. Guaranteed Shares.

"THE MINING YEAR-BOOK."

The new volume of "The Mining Year-Book," published by the *Financial Times*, is a very useful production full of information quite up-to-date. It gives returns of crushings where available up to last October, and contains, in addition to the usual information found in books of reference, an excellent series of sketch-maps of the principal gold-producing Colonies, with statistics of the actual output over a number of years, as well as a reference list of Companies which do not appear in the body of the work because they are in liquidation or no recent information is available. The directory of mining directors, secretaries, and engineers is very complete and most useful, as it enables the connection among the various groups to be traced with great facility. The price of the book is 15s. net, and to anyone who dabbles in mines it is almost indispensable.

Saturday, Jan. 17, 1903.

NEW ISSUE.

The Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway Company.—We can see no catch in this issue, and, for our own part (except possibly for immediate premium-snatching), we can imagine no advantage about applying for the shares. It is more than an even-money chance that they will be purchasable at something below par before the line is open, and it is evident that, by waiting, the investor cannot lose much, since there is no room for any large appreciation. The interest is guaranteed by the Electric Railways Company of London, which, among other things, took over the derelict Baker Street and Waterloo enterprise of the ill-fated London and Globe. The new issue is influentially backed and will be made to go somehow, but, to tell the truth, we do not think it is a paying game to subscribe for shares in concerns which will not be completed for three or four years, for, even in the case of the best of the "Tubes" (the Central London), those who bided their time did far better than the original subscribers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

R. A. C.—The concern is a good one, and the gold rights have lately been handed over to a subsidiary Company. We hear that the borings have not turned out as well as it was hoped they would.

A. T. W.—Our idea is that Henderson's or Transvaal Devils are the pick of the basket at about your price, while Glencairn, Simmer and Jack, and perhaps Benoni are not bad. We would rather give more money and buy things like Rand Mines or Wolhuter for ourselves. The meat shares are a very speculative purchase at the present price, and not the sort of thing that an outsider can gamble in with safety.

E. S.—Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are absolutely sound and first-class. No. 4 is a good second-class investment, but not in the same class as the first three. We think that you may well hold a few of No. 4 for an improvement in capital value. (5) Some of the Argentine Railway stocks, such as Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary, or Buenos Ayres and Pacific Second Debentures, or Interoccenic of Mexico Debentures, would suit you.

ATLANTIC.—The Bank is a good concern, but the price is high for the yield. We should prefer Bank of Egypt for our own money, considering the rate of interest to be derived from the investment.

ABEL.—We do not believe the people in question ever bought or sold a share. You can resist payment successfully if this is so. Refuse to pay and see what they do.

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Just as the name of some great physician or surgeon springs to the mind when some particular disease or class of disease is mentioned, so when the word "corpulency" is uttered the name of Mr. F. Cecil Russell comes to mind on the instant. Not that that well-known authority looks upon obesity as a disease, however; but his name as that of the most successful of specialists in the treatment of obesity is inseparably connected with that branch of the curative art.

If any of our stout readers wish to know what Mr. Russell has accomplished in this direction and by what particular methods, let that reader at once write him at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. (enclosing three penny stamps), for a copy of the nineteenth edition of his standard work, entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," an admirably lucid treatise of 256 pages. Our reader's effort in making the application will be amply rewarded.

* "Corpulency and the Cure" goes at once to the root of the matter and tells all about the various causes of obesity. It then deals *in extenso* with its cure and explains the radical differences between the "Russell" treatment and the many other treatments, British and Continental, which have met with but partial success where they have not failed altogether. As an indisputable proof of the harmlessness of the treatment, Mr. Russell publishes the recipe of the liquid vegetable compound

upon which he chiefly relies as a reductive agent. By this again it will be seen that the purely herbal ingredients of the mixture are quite innocuous. By Mr. Russell's method it is clearly proved that a person, however stout, may regain normal dimensions and weight with ease and safety and without any raking and exhausting purgatives or any needlessly severe exercise. Only a little prudence and care is required, and the decrease of fat goes on naturally and perceptibly at the rate of from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb. daily until the desired condition is reached, when the treatment may be set aside with no fear of a recurrence of obesity, if only ordinary hygienic rules are observed. This most important feature of the treatment stands out very prominently in the hundreds of extracts from patients' letters which the author has thought fit to incorporate in his book. Moreover, whenever the matter of general health is mentioned the patient is usually enthusiastic. The truth is that the "Russell" treatment—or rather the principal compounds employed—is a splendid tonic, improving appetite and aiding the organs of digestion and assimilation, so that a larger amount of wholesome food is required and taken and new muscular tissue is formed in place of the unhealthy adipose which is being steadily destroyed and eliminated. However looked upon, the system is sound and admirable, and "Corpulency and the Cure," with its mass of well-arranged facts and figures, must of necessity appeal to any reader possessing the logical faculty.

* A Copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" will be sent under plain sealed envelope to readers of "THE SKETCH" who will forward their address, with three penny stamps, to the Author—

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(Signed) H. E. CARR, Secretary.
London, 8th December, 1902.



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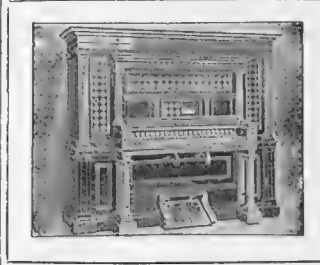
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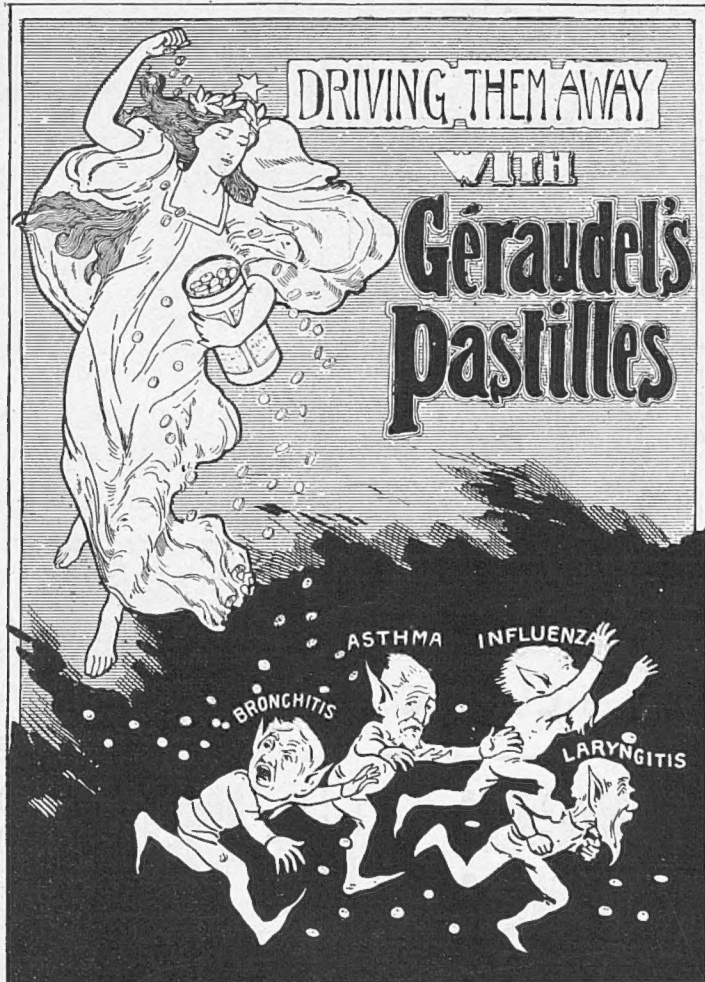
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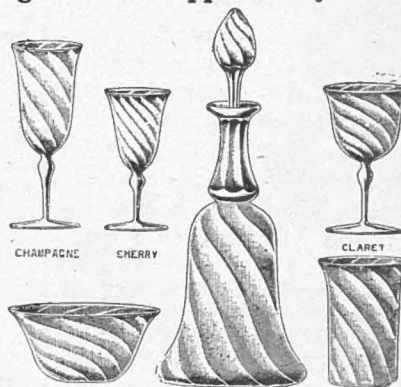
illustrated throughout the pages of Hamptons' Clearance Catalogue will clearly demonstrate to all who purpose making any Furnishing purchases that by securing these best quality goods at the reductions therein set forth

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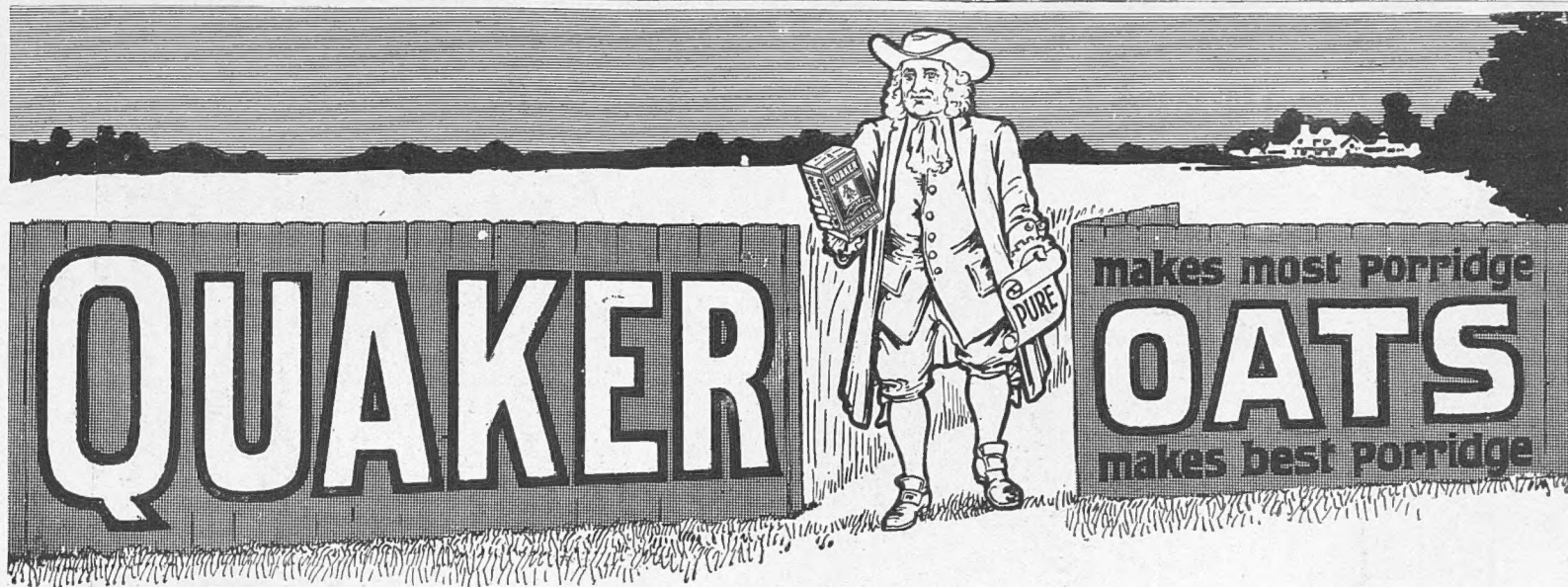
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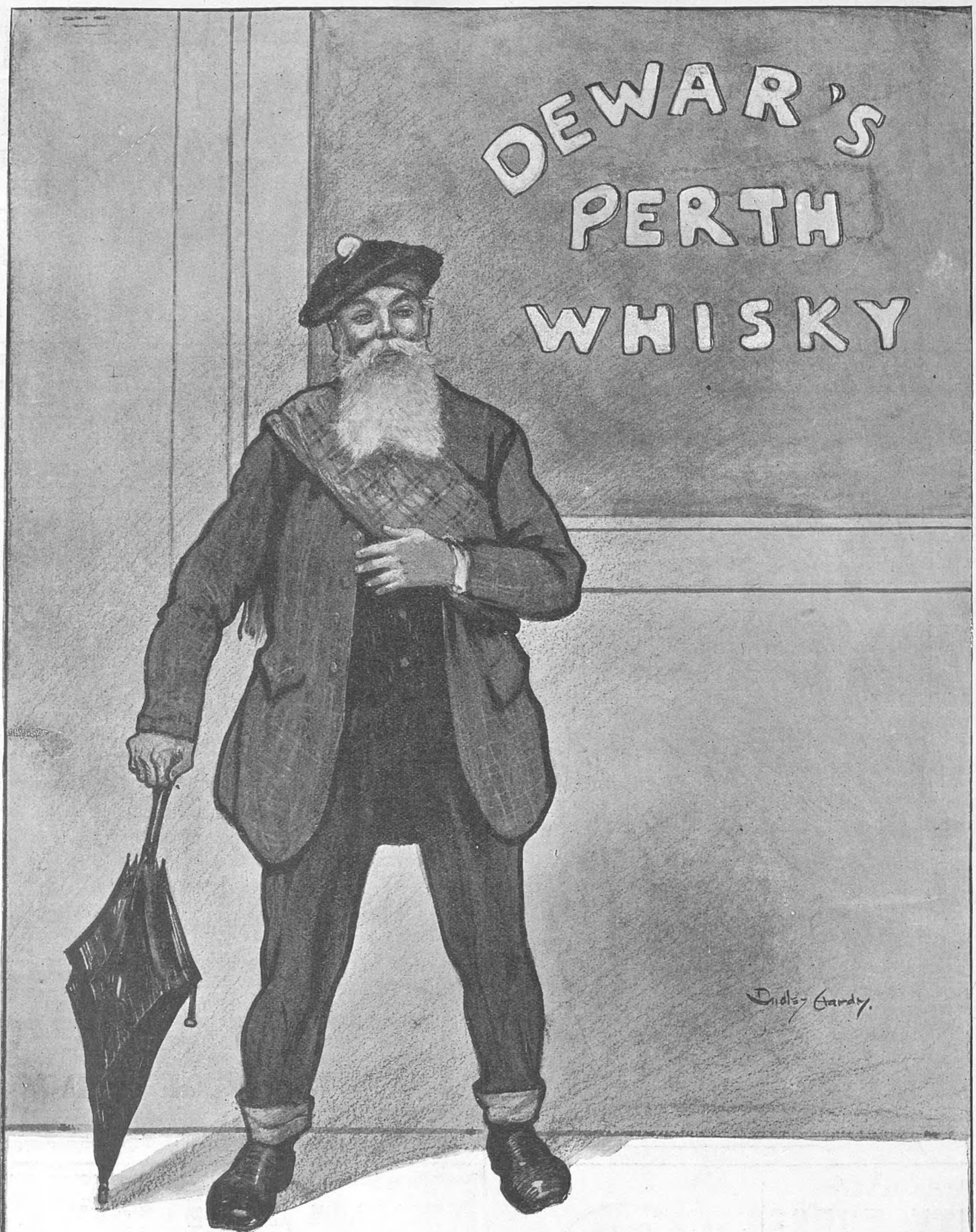
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